

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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COMMODORE MATTHEW C. PERRY, U. S. N., DECEASED. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



## MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY.

COMMODORE PERRY, who died March 4th, 1858, was at the time of his decease one of the most distinguished officers in the United States Navy. His father was an officer in the same service, in 1798, and his brother was Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of Lake Erie. Matthew C. Perry entered the naval service of the United States as a midshipman, January 18, 1809, and made his first cruise in the schooner *Revenge*. Shortly after he was transferred to the frigate *President*, under the command of Commodore Rogers, in which vessel he served a little more than three years. In November, 1813, he was ordered to the frigate *United States*, and after five months' duty, was returned to the *President*, then commanded by Commodore Decatur, under whom he served for eight months. He was then ordered to the brig *Chippewa*, in which he served until Nov., 1816, when he was stationed at the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, where he remained for nearly two years, having, in the mean time, been promoted to the rank of lieutenant. During the above period of active service, he was engaged in many perilous transactions, and was initiated into his profession amid the din of conflict.

In August, 1819, Lieutenant Perry was ordered to the ship *Cyane*, under Captain Trenchard, and served in that vessel for about nineteen months. He assisted in the attempt of the Colonization Society to form a settlement of free blacks upon the Island of Sherbro, near Sierra Leone, but the spot proving in the highest degree unhealthy, he selected Cape Mesurado as a more favorable locality, and thus decided the first settlement of Liberia. In May, 1821, he was promoted to the command of the schooner *Shark*, in which vessel he twice visited the colony of Mesurado, and also cruised in the waters of the West Indies, where he captured several pirates. On his return, he was again stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where he remained until 1824, when he joined the ship-of-the-line *North Carolina*, commanded by Commodore Rodgers, in which he served as first lieutenant and captain of the fleet during her whole cruise. He was then promoted to the rank of commander, and after a tour of duty at Boston, in the recruiting service, in 1830, he was ordered to the command of the corvette *Concord*, in which he conveyed John Randolph as United States Minister to St. Petersburg, and afterward made a cruise of nearly three years, chiefly in the Mediterranean. On his return to the United States in January, 1833, he was again stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and served there as second in command for over four years, superintending the School of Gun Practice, and taking an active part in the organization of a steam naval service.

He was promoted to the rank of captain, February, 1837, and after declining the command of the *Exploring Expedition*, afterward given to Commodore Wilkes, he was transferred to the steamer *Fulton*, in which vessel he cruised on the coast of the United States for nine or ten months. In 1838 he was sent to Europe, to visit the dock-yards and light-houses, a report on which, offering valuable suggestions for the United States service, was made the following year. In 1840, he was appointed to the command of the steamer *Missouri*, and in June of the next year took command of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where he remained till 1843, when he was ordered, at his own request, to the command of the African Squadron, sent out under the provisions of the Ashburton treaty for the suppression of the slave-trade. After serving for three years in that position, he returned to New York in 1846, where he superintended the construction of Government docks and steamers, and then sailed to the Gulf of Mexico as second in command to Commodore Conner.

On the retirement of that officer in March, 1847, he assumed the chief command of the Home Squadron, and in that capacity directed the naval bombardment of Vera Cruz, and performed other important services on the coast of Mexico, during the war of the United States with that country. In November, 1848, he was ordered to New York as the general superintendent, on the part of the Navy, of the construction of the ocean mail-steamer squadron. In this position he remained until March, 1852, when he was ordered to the command of the Japan Expedition, which sailed from the United States Nov. 24 of that year. The treaty with Japan was signed March 31, 1854, and since the return of the expedition, Commodore Perry has resided for the most part in this city.

## CHARLOTTE DE LEYMON;

OR,

## THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

## CHAPTER II.

THE next day, Charlotte, frightened on learning at eleven o'clock that her mother was still in bed, went into her room. Madame d'Hauterive, fearing to attract attention to her illness, had vainly tried to rise and dress herself; twice her strength had failed her. She had fainted, and Mademoiselle Durand had assisted her to bed again; it was impossible for her to quit it that day.

"Oh, heavens! grief already!" said Charlotte; "I who was so happy yesterday!"

And her mother had much trouble to make her leave her for a moment. Madame d'Hauterive found, in the presence of her daughter and in her attentions, an inexplicable mixture of pain and pleasure.

"What a pity it is that Madame de Ferrières is not here, mamma!" said the poor child, sorrowfully. "How I regret that she was not here to be present at my marriage! It was a little after the time fixed for her return from Italy. She cannot delay now; her presence in the house will enliven us, and she will aid me in taking care of you." Charlotte felt already that there was something necessary to her internal happiness; and not knowing what to do to bring back her joy, she thought of the friend of her mother, who had been travelling for a year in Italy with her husband and son.

They occupied apartments in the same house with Madame d'Hauterive; the proximity was the continuation of a friendship which had existed between them since childhood. Madame de Ferrières, gentle and good, wise and happy, had had scarcely any griefs except those of her friend; and all the emotions which had agitated the loving heart of Lucie had always found interest, sympathy and indulgence in the cold and tranquil heart of Madame de Ferrières, who was older than she by several years. Jules de Ferrières, her son, was twenty years old. The only inheritor of a large fortune, adored by his parents, had desired to visit Italy, which his father loved; a journey thither had been projected. Charlotte, still in boarding-school, and her mother, were to have been of the party; but at the moment of departure, Madame d'Hauterive could not resolve to leave the affections which had detained her at Paris. The family of Ferrières set out alone; and it was only six months after that Madame d'Hauterive removed her daughter from the boarding-school where she had been for four years, and decided to keep her near herself. The travels of Madame de Ferrières, and the short time which she passed in each city, had prevented their correspondence, particularly on the part of Madame d'Hauterive, who, not knowing where to direct her letters, had for several months neglected to write with punctuality, not daring to abandon her heart to her habitual confidence in letters which ran the risk of not arriving at their destination. Her fears on this subject were not without foundation, for her last letters were lost.

While Charlotte deplored the absence of Madame de Ferrières, the noise of a carriage and horses were heard: "It was a joyful moment for her, for she hoped that it would make her mother happy; but Madame d'Hauterive was almost terrified at this return. For

some time a sentiment of fear had preceded and followed every event of her life.

The Baron de Leymon entered almost at the same moment with Madame de Ferrières, who ran in without having changed her travelling costume.

"What have I heard?" cried she; "you, Lucie, sick! and Charlotte married!—married when I came. But what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing much, Adele—a slight indisposition. You have not, then, received my last letters?"

"Not a word for four months."

"Ah!" said Madame d'Hauterive, with embarrassment.

M. Arthur de Bréval was announced. They were all seated round the bed of Madame d'Hauterive.

"Where is your son-in-law? Present him to me."

In uttering these words, Madame de Ferrières looked at Arthur. Madame d'Hauterive made no reply.

"This is my husband," said Charlotte, pointing to Leopold; "you already know him, my good friend."

"M. le Baron de Leymon! Is it possible?" cried Madame de Ferrières, with an expression of terror. Then her eyes turned towards Madame d'Hauterive, a look from whom imposed silence, and arrested the words of surprise ready to escape from her lips.

She remained silent, regarding her friend with attention; only then remarking the paleness and alteration which she had not at first perceived, the tears gathered in her eyes.

Charlotte was stupefied at the exclamation of Madame de Ferrières, and sought in her mind in vain for an explanation of it. The baron seemed absorbed in the examination of the title of a journal placed at a little distance, although he would have been very much puzzled to tell what were the words upon which his eyes were fixed. Arthur glanced at the troubled faces of those who surrounded him, and he felt his heart shrink at the aspect of this family drama, of which he began to suspect some terrible mystery.

Madame de Ferrières broke the silence. "When did the marriage take place? When was it decided upon? Why had they not informed her of it?" Such were the questions which she asked, rather to escape the embarrassment of silence than to learn the details of an event of which the most important part to her had just been revealed.

Charlotte recovered her tranquillity at the appearance of calmness and interest in the words which the friend of her mother had uttered in a gentle and affectionate tone, and seeing that no one answered her questions, she herself explained the circumstances so essential to her happiness, which had preceded her marriage. Artless child, Charlotte had nothing in her heart and in her thoughts which were not completely effaced by the events and sentiments which had occupied her for the last six months.

"I left boarding-school at vacation, six months ago, my good friend," said Charlotte, who dwelt with pleasure upon the details of her first interview with the Baron de Leymon. "In entering this saloon, conducted by Mademoiselle Durand, I found Leopold seated near mamma, who was awaiting me; and, although that moment was the first that I divined that there was any project of marriage between us, if I must tell you all, although I did not acknowledge it to myself, the Baron de Leymon already occupied my thoughts; I had seen him sometimes during my vacations, and I often thought that I would be happy if the husband that my mother should choose for me resembled Leopold."

Charlotte blushed while saying this, and her mother, with difficulty, repressed a sigh.

"Each day my love for him," continued the young wife, "was increased by his presence. How could I help loving him while seeing his delicate attentions to mamma and myself? All his time was given to us, to seek some amusements for us or to share our occupations. I saw that he loved me, although he had not yet said so; and, doubtless, mamma thinking me too young to be married yet, had forbidden him to speak to me of his love, for, before her, he had a constrained air, and his looks, so tender when we were alone, were turned from me when mamma was present. Sometimes monsieur even treated me as a child, spoke to me with temper, rejected my friendship, and wished to condemn me to the ideas and projects of a little girl. He was impatient when I spoke of marriage, and would not admit that it was possible for me to inspire love. In effect, if this love with which he had inspired my heart had not enlightened me, there were moments when I almost believed that he hated me, and perhaps loved another."

Here Madame d'Hauterive appeared for an instant to breathe easier, and her sufferings seemed suspended.

"But," continued Charlotte, "I saw his eyes fastened upon me when he thought that I did not perceive him, I felt him tremble if my hand touched his. One day I spoke purposely of the possibility of my marriage, with some one who came here, and he turned pale. Oh, how rejoiced I was! He saw then, doubtless, how much he was loved. I blushed with happiness every time I saw him—I could not understand this unknown agitation—these emotions so lively and gentle, of which I had not had any idea. By a single look he made me tremble, and overwhelmed me with joy or sadness. He saw all that—he has told me so since; and these new impressions that he alone had awakened—this certainty that all the emotions of my heart belonged to him, he has often repeated to me that it was in his eyes my greatest title to his love."

The baron was immovable; one might have taken him for a statue. Arthur had fixed his eyes upon Madame d'Hauterive, who remained perfectly calm under the looks which she saw fastened upon her; only at the moment when Charlotte stopped, M. de Bréval remarked that the hand of Madame d'Hauterive secretly wiped away the perspiration which, in spite of the cold, was streaming from her forehead.

The young wife, seeing that every one was silent, thought that the interest of her recital had fixed their attention; she continued: "One day mamma was out—oh, that was a great day! It was six weeks from that—"

Here Madame d'Hauterive uttered a slight groan; Charlotte, anxious at seeing her suffer, approached her. Her mother gently repelled her attentions, turned so that no one could see her face, and Charlotte resumed:

"I was alone in the saloon. M. de Leymon entered; I did not expect him, and for a long time he had not been alone a moment. I felt that I blushed and was trembling. He saw it plainly, and I know not why, he wished to fly. Poor Leopold! he was almost as agitated as I. He observed how much I suffered, for he remained."

"Charlotte," said he to me, after a moment of silence, and visibly making a great effort, "Charlotte, you cannot doubt my attachment: I love you as if you were my sister." He stopped—I looked at him, and my face must have expressed all my astonishment. He was very pale. "You are so young," said he earnestly, turning his looks from mine, "that you cannot think of marrying for some years to come. Then—" he could not continue; and I, who believed that he loved another; who thought that I had deceived myself as to the sentiments that I had hoped to inspire in him; who saw him separate his future from mine—I who had believed that they were for ever united—I could not contain my grief, and said weeping, "Oh, how unhappy I am! I wish that I could die!" I trembled; I was going to fall; he sustained me in his arms, and his eyes were fixed upon me with a trouble so great, a tenderness so passionate, that they denied the coldness of his words.

"My mother!" added I, "my mother, Leopold, who loves you so much!" "Your mother!" cried he, "if she knew—" Oh, yes, if she knew that you disdained the love of her daughter!" "What do you mean, Charlotte?" "That mamma has formed projects that I have divined." "How?" "Would she have placed you thus near me, would she have let me love you, if she had not hoped that our marriage would render us both happy?" "A marriage! You! Me, Charlotte! Oh, no, no, you are mistaken; your mother will not consent to it."

"Then joy returned to my heart, for I saw that he feared some obstacles, and that he had not guessed as I had the wishes of my mother. 'Oh, I pray you, Leopold,' said I to him, 'tell me truly, if nothing opposes our marriage, will it render you happy?' 'The happiest of men,' replied he. And transported with joy, I saw only him, when a cry from mamma showed her to me near us, immovable, and regarding for some time already this scene of love and tears. I threw myself into her arms, in order to demand of her happiness with the one that I loved. She trembled and wept as much as I, she could hardly pronounce the words by which she gave her consent. We remained there for some time, silent and agitated. Mamma at length recovered her calmness, and placing my hand in that of the baron—"Be happy," said she to me, "since your happiness depends—Charlotte, it will not be said that I have put

an obstacle to that which you both desire. M. le Baron de Leymon, I give you my daughter—love her always!" Then my mother, who appeared about to faint, quitted us. We remained alone, too much agitated by what had just passed to utter a word.

"Since that time each moment was employed in making preparations for our marriage; and far from delaying the event on account of my age, as we feared she would, mamma hastened with all her efforts the day which was to unite me to him. In effect, since yesterday I have been his wife. My good friend," added Charlotte, taking the hand of Madame de Ferrières, "your return has left us nothing to desire, and as soon as mamma is entirely recovered we will be all perfectly happy."

Madame de Ferrières did not reply; she was absorbed by an idea that troubled her deeply. She tried, however, to occupy herself with her friend, approached her bed, and spoke to her; but Madame d'Hauterive did not utter a word, and they perceived she had fainted.

Charlotte was alarmed; they sent in haste for some physicians. Soon everything in the house denoted grief and fear, for the physicians announced that the situation of Madame d'Hauterive indicated great danger, and that the most active cares and the youth of the sick one could alone give the hope that she might be saved.

That sparkling joy which in the morning had animated the face of the pretty bride, was already effaced by the anxiety caused by the situation of her mother and the sombre sadness of her husband. They both watched constantly by the sick woman; from time to time Madame de Ferrières almost forced them away for some hours; Mademoiselle Durand aided her. The day passed thus, and at midnight, a little repose having alleviated the sufferings of Madame d'Hauterive, Mademoiselle Durand and one of the physicians only remained with her. Charlotte was there before daybreak. The next day Madame de Ferrières wished to watch alone by the side of her friend, and obtained permission of Charlotte only by promising to leave her to her care the following night.

The illness was a serious one; a violent fever seized the poor woman, and all her ideas were confused; vague and unconnected words escaped her in her delirium. The third day an extreme weakness annihilated all her thoughts, she recognised no longer those who surrounded her. All who loved her were overwhelmed with grief. Charlotte would not quit her bedside; the few moments that she had passed with Leopold had been so stamped with grief that it seemed almost as if this sudden evil had taken off her mother and her husband at the same time. Arthur rarely quitted his friend, he appeared occupied in watching him, as if he feared to leave him to his own thoughts.

Evening came; Charlotte remained with the faithful Durand, who, since the first moment of her mistress's sickness, had not taken an hour's sleep, and could no longer resist her fatigue. She slept in an arm chair, and Charlotte was alone, an hour after midnight, with her almost dying mother, who did not recognise her daughter. It was the fourth night after her marriage.

The bedchamber of Madame d'Hauterive was very large; a silken drape of a sombre color covered the walls. At this moment it was lighted only by the feeble rays of an alabaster lamp suspended from the ceiling, casting deep and prolonged shadows. This chamber overlooked a garden, no noise could be heard there at this hour of the night, the most complete silence reigned, interrupted only by the feeble and plaintive groans of the sick woman. They only at first occupied the poor child, who carefully watched all the movements of her mother, and who quitted her only to follow upon the clock the movement of the hand that marked the time when she must give her the potion ordered by the physician. Meanwhile Madame d'Hauterive yielded to a sleep which seemed of good augury to her daughter: moreover, Charlotte, although anxious and deeply afflicted by the sufferings of her mother, had not admitted for a single moment the idea of losing her. At sixteen the cruel thought of death does not present itself to the mind, for at this age each day brings a new affection, an unknown hope, a project that one has not yet known, a friendship that has just arisen. Sentiments and ideas unperceived until then arise each moment; but one has nothing to lose; nothing has happened to warn them of the fragility of the affections upon which they count; of the instability of things which appeared secure, of the uncertainty of the best combined projects. Nothing has deceived their hopes, destroyed their pleasures, annihilated their friendships; all they have loved is still there—they know that one exists, rejoices, loves! They know not that one hates, suffers, dies!

Charlotte experienced, however, a deep sadness. The happiness of which she had dreamed the first days of her marriage had disappeared; she felt a vague anxiety and a presentiment of grief, of which the illness of her mother was not the only cause, but to which meanwhile she could not assign any other motive, if it was not that cruel anxiety which rendered Leopold so completely insensible to their union. For the first time the hopes of the young wife were not realized; she began to reflect. She was still so near childhood that the fears of a woman were joined to the terrors of a child; the silence and darkness frightened her; she trembled, she was afraid! She imagined that she could find a relief to her fears in a brighter light, which would enable her to see the forms of the objects by which she was surrounded. She lighted some candles, and sought to find relief in her ordinary occupations; she wished to read, to write; she tried to draw, but fatigue and the pre-occupation of her mind prevented her from continuing. She walked around the better lighted chamber, and by the little attention which she usually gave to those rich and useless trifles which filled and overloaded the furniture of an elegant woman, she endeavored to divest herself from her sombre thoughts.

Some valuable bracelets had been thrown by Madame d'Hauterive upon one of the tables the evening of the marriage of her daughter, when despair had taken possession of her heart; they still remained there. Charlotte touched them with that respect and tenderness that one feels for what belongs to the objects of our liveliest affections. Then the idea came to her of putting them for safety in a large box, inlaid with mother of pearl, which served for a jewel box. The key was in it. Charlotte placed the bracelets in it, then tried to close the box and remove the key, certainly forgotten by her mother; but the lock would not shut. Several times the little hands of the young wife pressed with all their strength the resisting lid. Doubtless her fingers pressed, unknown to her, a secret spring which opened a double bottom; for when she raised the lid in order to see, with a candle, if some of the jewellery deposited in the box was not placed so as to hinder her from closing it, the double bottom was detached; some letters and a portrait escaped, and fell upon the table, and from thence to the floor around Charlotte. Almost frightened at having, without intending it, discovered a secret of which doubtless she ought to have remained ignorant, the young wife, more discreet than many others perhaps would have been in her place, tried to replace them; but her eyes having glanced at the portrait, she could not resist a desire quickly to clear up the doubt which had arisen in her mind. She approached the light, and read these words engraved upon the medallion: "To my beloved Lucie, the 24th March, 1830." She recognized the Baron Leopold de Leymon, who, the 24th March, 1833, had become her husband.

Overwhelmed, hardly able to believe her eyes, not understanding, and wishing however to explain a mystery which she still doubted, hoping to find a simple and natural motive for that which appeared impossible and inexplicable, Charlotte read with avidity a part of the letters which she held in her hand, then read them again, and among a number of protestations of confidences and passionate expressions, she found some fragments which completed her surprise and grief.

"I have never felt except for you, my Lucie, that complete love which arises from that intimate union where the heart and the thoughts understand each other and agree. Our similar ages, which you appear to regard as an obstacle to the vivacity of my love, adds to my happiness. Time, the troubles of life, the distaste of the world, the ennui and fatigue of its pleasures, that certainty that one learns there of the number of good, honest and delicate hearts, is so small, all the light which experience at last brings to our mind, turns to the advantage of that love which you tell me can never be inspired by a woman only in the first years of her youth. Be sure, no woman of eighteen can inspire what the soul feels near you. I love you for the past; I love you for the future that we will pass together, without that fear which a too disproportionate age brings of one having to finish, without the other, a life which can only be a lonely and tiresome existence."

Moreover, he added:

"Why this sacrifice of our love to that of your daughter? Your marriage, you say, will hinder her from forming a brilliant match, and that it is only after being assured of her fate in a happy manner



that you will consent to our union. My Lucie, is it not enough that you belong to me, that your love has rendered me the most fortunate of men; so that there remains to me no longer a wish to form; the certainty that no event can separate our destinies is necessary to my mind, as well as that no sentiment can disunite our hearts. Love, that passion so lively and so profound with you, and which I find in your heart as well as in my own, seems to me must be to every one ever the life of both. However, Lucie, an involuntary fear sometimes seizes me. If your love diminishes, if others, ignorant that you are engaged, address you with vows which your widowhood and liberty authorizes—if one day one tries before me to touch your heart—if I see again, as last month, a young, handsome and amiable man persecute you with his love, without having the right to stop him—if your heart—oh! no, no! this is outrageous thee, Lucie; thou art my happiness, my love, my life!"

A great number of letters still more passionate and tender were eagerly devoured by the eyes of Charlotte. Sometimes tears hindered her from continuing; sometimes she read without understanding the words which passed before her eyes. She believed herself under the illusion of a dream which her awakening would destroy. But at last, well convinced, she let fall the papers which burned her trembling hand, and cried, "They love each other!"

She remained a long time immovable, a prey to a thousand griefs, repeating to herself the days that must elapse before she could unravel the mystery; and after having recalled all she could remember, she repeated again: "Yes, they love each other!" She sought to comprehend, the poor wife of sixteen, how that love for her mother had given place in the heart of Leopold to those desires that her beauty had made arise, and to that affection that her love for him had awakened in the heart of the Baron de Leymon. She could hardly imagine how three years had weakened that lively passion, and how her youth and graces had moved, in spite of himself, perhaps, that man formerly so much in love with another. She understood better the grief and generosity of her mother, who, the instant that a word revealed to her their love, had sacrificed all hope of happiness for herself, in order that they might be happy.

Then that first sentiment, which had filled her heart until the period when she had seen M. de Leymon, that tenderness of a daughter for the best of mothers, revived in her heart, and brought to her a new kind of grief. She re-inclosed quickly those pledges of love which had come to trouble for ever that felicity which she had believed would be lasting; then she approached the bed where suffered the one who for sixteen years had so tenderly loved her, and who had just renounced the only sentiment which had rivalled a mother's love! And that sentiment which she had sacrificed to the future of her daughter, her life perhaps was attached to it!

Charlotte could not account for the different and contrary emotions, all so lively and so profound, which assailed her; only there was an instant when she felt a pity so tender for the unhappiness that she had caused, a gratitude so true for that sacrifice which she had rendered necessary, a respect so great for that mother's heart of which she comprehended all the anguish, that she fell upon her knees by the bed, which she contemplated with a religious sentiment.

"My mother! my mother!" repeated the poor young wife in the midst of her sobs, and her head fell forward upon the almost insensible hand of the sick woman. Charlotte remained thus plunged in reflections until she perceived that the day was breaking, and that her mother was just awaking.

(To be continued.)

## THE FATAL RAIN; OR, THE WORLD'S MADNESS.

A Fable for All.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.")

In the world's youth—I marvel much that Rhyme  
Calls those sweet dawning hours the Ancient Time—  
Tis we who live in Nature's dull decay—  
Adam and Nimrod saw the opening day.  
In that glad time, when the great sun was young,  
The moon fresh launched in air—the stars just hung  
In the o'erbending sky, whose azure arms  
Clasped earth in silence—gazing on her charms,  
There dwelt a famous poet in the East,  
One of those men who leave all like yeast.  
One night a vision crossed the poet's ken,  
Which thus he told unto his fellow men:  
"Hear the Lord's voice! Before seven days are past,  
The bright blue heavens will be overcast,  
The sun will veil the glory of his face,  
As tho' withdrawing from a thankless race;  
And there will fall a rain upon the earth,  
Which, if it touches those of human birth,  
Will straightway make them foolish and insane—  
Such is the deadly nature of this rain!  
Therefore, O men, when ye behold a cloud  
Of mist at noon the glorious sun enshroud,  
Fly your fair bowers, your groves, your meads, ye men,  
And seek some refuge in cave, hole or den;  
There tarry till this curse has passed away,  
Before ye venture in the light of day.  
For one short hour alone this rain will fall,  
And the sun's light next morn shall gladden all;  
But woe to those who scorn my words, for they  
Will roam in madness to their dying day!"

Thus spake the bard—some laughed, while others sneered,  
As hour by hour the dreadful moment neared.  
In vain he called upon them once again,  
Ere 'twas too late, to shun this maddening rain.  
At last he left them, since he could not save,  
And sought the friendly shelter of a cave,  
Where he remained till tempted by the sun,  
Forth walked the sage to see the mischief done.  
Dread was the change—but language never clad  
Such woe in word. THE LIVING WORLD WAS MAD.  
Instead of calm content, and serious ease,  
True lovers whispering 'neath the shadowing trees,  
All friend and brother—selfishness unknown,  
Sorrow ne'er shunned, nor left to die alone;  
Instead of peace and goodwill on the earth,  
Fell discord raged in all of human birth,  
Some swore and fought—some drowned their time, and some  
Made fables at the bard, as tho' struck dumb.  
Some tried to strike him, while a roughish few  
Offered for gold to prove that white was blue;  
While others, very solemn, with serene  
And placid logic, told him green was green.  
Dismayed, distressed, he sought a neighboring tower,  
Where he might gaze on them the passing hour,  
To see if only one amid this crowd  
Had to his warning in obedience bowed;  
But no such man he found—the sight was sad,  
They were all hopelessly and doubly mad—  
So lost were they to Reason's golden reign,  
All swore the bard was mad—themselves were sane.  
Some dug the earth with all their mind and might,  
In search of metals, or of pebbles bright,  
For which, when found, they fought, both young and old,  
And called it their most precious treasure, Gold.  
Some tried to fether men like beasts to draw  
Triumphant chariots, making might their law!  
Others bought merchandise with glaring eyes,  
And sold the same again with countless lies,  
And as each gathered bit of coin was told  
Into their hoard, they cried, "Our God is Gold!"  
Some built a ship and launched it on the wave;  
The winds arose—those madmen found their grave!  
Tired with this scene of horror, to his den,  
(And to avoid his raving fellow-men,)  
The bard retired to mourn o'er fallen man,  
Thus, by one act, placed 'neath great Reason's ban;  
But solitude grew dreadful, and his mind  
Seemed, like a darkened eagle, growing blind,  
Until he feared, if thus thought preyed on thought,  
His brain might also be to madness wrought—  
Better be mad among his fellow men,  
Than grow an idiot in that gloomy den.

So forth he strode into the world once more,  
And found himself amid its Babel roar;  
Saw this man fight, that toil, another rave—  
One man a despot, and the next a slave.  
One had so much he bent beneath the weight—  
Another man was in a starving state—  
Sons scorned their sires—mothers their babes forgot,  
And no man seemed contented with his lot.  
Love was no more—'twas pleasure's gay deceit;  
Yet such their arrogance and blind conceit,  
That all who met him, whether wild or sad,  
Laughed in his face and told him he was mad!  
Sharp was the struggle in the poet's mind,  
For Genius cannot war against his kind.  
Then said, "I cannot bear this lonely state,  
Far better that I share the common fate;  
Hence blessed Reason from this troubled brain,  
Who in a world of madmen can be sane?"  
No sooner had these words the poet said,  
Than with the deadly rain he bathed his head;  
Felt a quick shudder pass through brain and breast,  
And straight became even madder than the rest!  
For it is certain with all human kind,  
Men's madness is proportioned to their mind,  
And some men's brains are made so very small  
They scarcely can be deemed as mad at all.

Men, would ye know what was this fatal rain  
That drives all reason from the human brain—  
That clothes the poor in rags—that bares the knife,  
And robs the victim of his cherished life—  
That spreads the world with ruin and with wreck,  
And puts the cord around the culprit's neck—  
'Tis that fills the earth with horror, want and strife—  
Murders the babe, the husband and the wife—  
That slays the men who toil—the men who think—  
This deadly maddening rain? 'Tis DRINK! 'Tis DRINK!

## THE GRAND BALL OF THE ARISTOCRATIC DARKIES.

Observed by Doesticks, P. B.

GRAND high festival for the Americanised Children of Africa; jolly old Terpsichorean fun among the sons and daughters of Guinea; a full dress ball given by the aristocratic elect of the colored population of our little town; all these and those were the irresistible inducements which attracted Padlin the Sketcher, followed at a respectful distance by the humble subscriber, to Spring street Hall, No. 185 Spring street, on a memorable evening not many hundred years ago. Whether the people came from "where Africa's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand," the deponent knoweth not of his own knowledge; nor can he state with exactness whether some had not hurried hither "from many an ancient river," and others come through, at high-pressure speed, "from many a palmy plain," in order to beautify and adorn this festive scene; he can only positively assert that the colored folks were on hand in numbers unexampled, and that the white trash had, for the time being, to lay particularly low, and give the black ducks full swing.

This particular ball of the ladies and gentlemen of color was to be a specially "grand" affair, according to the "grand" programme issued on that occasion. It was to be a "grand" entertainment, there was to be a "grand" supper, there were to be "grand" dances, there was to be abundance of music by a "grand" band, ladies and gentlemen were to appear in "grand" full costume, and the arrangements of the whole festival were to be presided over by a "grand" master of the "grand" ceremonies.

On the whole, it was to be a most elegant and refined assemblage of the super-select of the "dark complected" fashionables of the very highest life that is to be found below stairs in the goodly city of Gotham. And so it was.

We were early on the ground, and enabled to get a view of the room and the decorative appointments before the company began to arrive, for by it known that the colored beaux and belles are as rigidly inflexible in their observance of late hours as the most fashionable of white folks.

Spring street Hall contains a not very capacious ball-room, probably sixty feet long by twenty wide; at one end is a raised platform for the band and distinguished visitors; three chandeliers light the apartment, which is very low, so low, indeed, that at times the gas fixtures are in the way of tall head-dresses, particularly if the wearers of the tall head-dresses get interested in the lively measures of the dance and execute any very lofty leaps; colored paper, cut in the usual fantastic shapes, ornaments the chandeliers and the ceiling; while the walls are decorated with painted work done in the gaudiest hues of the most extraordinary things that the mind of man ever conceived. Flags of nations undiscovered yet; flowers that look like nothing known to botanists, and birds that at first strike the beholder as being meant for windmills, are the chief beauties of this wondrous work; the anomalous birds have flags in their mouths and seem to be flying lopsidedly down to the floor; mysterious scrolls that are very undecided at their beginning and don't seem to end anywhere; and wreaths that are festooned on no supporting nails in the most inexplicable manner, are also prominent features of the adornings. There are no subdued tints, every color is the brightest, the gaudiest, and the strangest—chiefly yellow and blue and red. If the various paints had been rammed wet into a very large cannon and then fired at the wall the effect would have been similar. But the artist was proud of his achievements, for on a huge red banner painted in the very middle of the most conspicuous wall has he inscribed his name in fat gold letters of ponderous dimensions, thus:

"W. ROBERTS, Artist."

The windows were modestly veiled with curtains of the very brightest red that could be had for any reasonable amount of money.

The master of the ceremonies and general director of the affair was on the spot early in the evening, and showed every attention to the guests of the fairer epidermis—meaning Padlin and myself—that could have been desired. He was a splendid specimen of the genus negro; species, aristocratic. Resplendent in white silk vest, white choker and white kid gloves; swelling in the proud consciousness of a well-fitting dress coat, and pantaloons of the most ultra fashionable cut, and the shiniest patent leathers that ever pinched the toes of mortal man, that colored man was the most pompously polite in his manner, and the most elaborately "hifalutin" in his diction, of all colored men who have ever condescended to do the agreeable to "de low white trash" on great occasions. The complexion of this distinguished person was the clear yellow olive of the smooth side of a piece of virgin sole leather, a tawny compromise between argent and sable, pearl and jet, the purest white and the swarthiest black; but all his features bore the African stamp, and his lips were the thickest, and his nose of the very flattest congregation of noses.

At 10 o'clock the company had arrived, and the hues of the gathered multitude require a word of special note. It is a curious fact that the males of the negro blood do not exhibit the same nice shades of color, the fine gradations of nigritude, that are noticeable in the females.

Gentlemen of color, when disposed according to complexion, may almost always be ranged under one of two banners—yellow and black.

Ladies of color, on the contrary, may be peanut colored, which is the sort of pallid white, the indescribable Albino tint that is the most disagreeable of all; or they may be brown, lemon-colored, saddle-colored, olive, cream-colored, chocolate-hued, maroon, liver-colored, tan, foxy, and so on through a hundred diversities, from brunette to coal-black. And all these shades, and more than these, were present, and all these challenged and received admiration, not only from their legitimate ebony swains, but also from Padlin the Sketcher, who is an enthusiast on the subject of female beauty, and who does not regard color so much as form, feature, carriage, manner, and the other proprieties of female elegance.

The costumes were noticeable for variety of color and fashion. There seemed to be among the very darkest of the ladies—those who had been dignified by Nature with an intensity of blackness—

an unconquerable liking for the whitest of dresses. Seven of the inkiest damsels of that gay assembly were dressed in pure white, having only such ribbons and other slight ornaments as were deemed necessary to make an agreeable contrast. The lady whom I judged to be the belle of the evening, from her being constantly surrounded by a swarm of cavaliers, and from the impunity with which she put on coquettish airs, and the royal mien with which she dispensed her favors, was a fine-looking girl of, I should say, twenty years old. She did not dance much, for the reason probably that in the polka or waltz she would be obliged for the time being to content herself with one gallant, whereas if she was seated she could receive at one time the adoration of a dozen, and play off her graces on them all at once. For the delectation of the lady readers who may perchance to peruse this article, I have compiled a brief sketch of the visible apparel of this envied lady. White satin slippers adorned her feet, and silk stockings were visible above; her dress was white, of that ethereal gauzy material called tarlatan, with six flounces, looped up at the side with white flowers, to show the scalloped edge of some embroidered mystery beneath; very low in the neck was this dress, giving an unusually expansive bust a chance to obtain its medium of admiration; short were the sleeves, so short, in fact, as not to be worth mentioning, except for the bows of wide white ribbon with which they were beautified; a necklace of pearls comes next in the ascending order, after which huge pendant ear-drops, then a wreath of white roses decked with silver; superimposed upon which, and forming the topmost pinnacle of this pink of perfection, was a snowy ostrich plume. This lady's arms were embellished with heavy bracelets, her hands were encased in white kid gloves, over which she wore her rings, for she had numerous rings on her fingers, and for all I can say to the contrary, bells on her toes. In one hand she flourished a silver fan edged with down, and a superb handkerchief, and in the other she bore an expensive bouquet. She moved in an atmosphere of Cologne and Frangipanni, as if she had been taking a luxurious bath in those costly perfumes and hadn't wiped herself dry when she came out. This jetty paragon received more attentions, and listened to more compliments than any other lady in the room; whether or not she blushed thereat I am incompetent to say, for her swarthy epidermis showed no telltale trace.

Many others were robed with equal elegance and disregard of expense; low necks and short sleeves were affected by many. It occurred to me that possibly their daily duties in the scrubbing and cleaning departments have a tendency to develop to the greatest perfection the arms and bust, and that the consciousness of possessing handsome shoulders induced the very natural desire to exhibit the same. Pink and yellow skirts with white waists were not unfrequent; jewellery was displayed in lavish profusion; artificial flowers were general favorites. Silks, satins, muslins, and similar expensive fabrics were the general rule, to which there were a few calico exceptions.

The gentlemen were not quite so extravagant in their gettings-up; the dress-coat interest was represented, but was not supreme; frocks were in the ascendant, and I saw one melancholy instance of a sack. Gloves were universal, kid generally, silk sometimes, with a few, a very few cases of cotton. The characteristic fancy of the beaux had been permitted to run riot only in the one article of neckcloth. Cravats, ties, handkerchiefs, scarfs, every variety of neck gear was worn, and of more colors than in any dozen batches of rainbows ever created.

The music was excellent, and the dance was perseveringly kept up. The manners of the ladies and gentlemen partook of the exaggerated super-extra-polite style, and the flourishes, and caperings, and formalities and punctilious etiquette displayed were a perfect study.

The bows and obeisances were rather Oriental in their lowness and profundity, and the dancing was rather of the convulsive order. The gentlemen prided themselves on their saltations, and they displayed heel-and-toe science that would have made Dan Bryant open his eyes.

And to look at that gaily-dressed, aristocratic crowd, who could imagine that the individuals thereof, when unbent from their holiday dignity and engaged in their everyday avocations, were, the ladies of them, washers of dishes, scrubbers of floors, hangers of pots and pans, friers of bacon and buckwheat cakes, or chamber-maids of high degree; and the men, hewers of wood, drawers of water, shovellers of coal, drivers of carts, rollers of barrels and hogheads, cutters-up of beef and mutton, waiters at hotels, or servants of all work in private families? Who would have thought it, I say? Who would not rather have set them down as African princes of the blood, or Congo lords and ladies of the very highest rank?

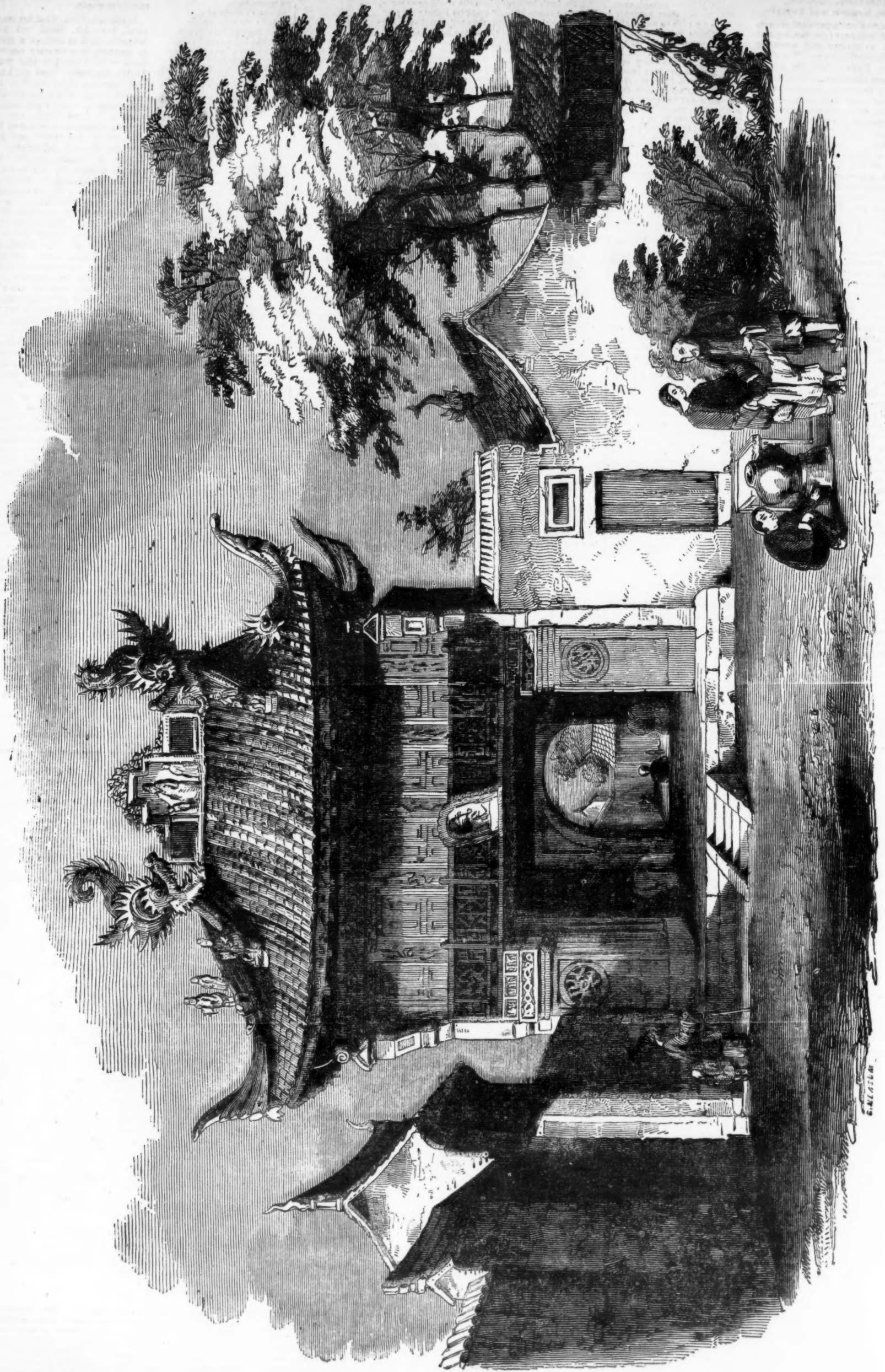
By ten o'clock Padlin, the susceptible, had fallen in love—at eleven, he was ardent—at quarter-past, burning—and at the half-hour, he was desperate. The object of his new affection was a liver-colored lady with ringlets. He applied to the master of ceremonies for an introduction, and received for reply, "What for, sah, you want introduction, sah, to that splendid young lady, sah? White pussions is not expected to take part in the festivities; still, sah, they is not exactly exprohibited. I will address myself to the young lady, sah, and then, sah, if the young lady is agreeable, it will not be for me to interpose any objections. Excuse me, sah, for a short time."

The young lady was gracious, and condescended her acquiescence to Padlin's proposal for an introduction, and he was introduced. I noticed him very attentive and seemingly enraptured with his new beauty, and when she was dragged from his side by some remorseless swain to exercise her satin slippers in the mazy dance, he looked gloomy and disconsolate. How he contrived to compliment her passes my comprehension; he could not praise her eyes, for the whites thereof were not white, but of a dirty olive color; he could not compliment her on the symmetry of her nose, for it resembled a split pear in shape; he could not say anything about her rosy cheeks, for the "rosy" didn't show through; perhaps, however, he praised her complexion, which, according to the standard of beauty acknowledged that evening, was unexceptionable, for she was of a stove-pipe color, without blemish, and, if she had any freckles, they didn't show. I also, through the intervention of the master of the ceremonies, made the acquaintance of a lady more remarkable for size than any other quality; she was short but wonderfully thick, and I delighted in her because there was so much of her. We both tried to get on the floor to "tread a lively measure," as Padlin poetically observed to his ebony Dulcinea, but were haughtily told that the lively measures were to be trod only by "persons of color," and for a long time, we, the white trash, were indignantly excluded.

But our time came at last, and by the kind permission of the directors we were allowed to participate in a quadrille, Padlin, with the lady of his choice, and I, with my cubic sweetheart. There was a saddle-colored lady, and a foxy damsel, and two tan gentlemen to fill the set. All the four ladies wore low-necked dresses, and were wonderful as to the head with artificial flowers. One of the gentlemen had his hair elaborately twisted into an infinity of little corkscrew ringlets, like worms, and he looked as if he might be a new Gorgon; the other was unpresenting in appearance, save a pair of ear-rings and a cameo brooch, the size of a small dinner-plate, on his scarf. The dancing was vigorous—the gentlemen cracked their heels and swung their arms about as such a rate that each one took up as much room as if he was chopping cord wood on a large bet. The ladies were little less energetic—each one lifted her dress about six inches, that spectators might observe her feet and see that she did all her steps conscientiously, and then the performances were marvellous to see. The double-shuffle was a favorite movement, and in devoted service to its proper execution, more than a bushel and a half of boot-heels were knocked off in that room then and there. Our ladies distinguished themselves, and the perspiration rolled from their faces like molasses from a faucet. In his commendable endeavors to keep up his reputation as a dancer, Padlin danced himself as limp as a dishcloth, and was led away, in a despairing condition, by his partner, while the other ladies of the set celebrated their victory over the puny white chap by a triumphant extemporaneous hornpipe movement, executed with immense applause. Then we had supper, which was a most satisfactory conclusion to the evening's entertainment.

Probably half a dozen of these Colored Balls take place in the course of a season: they are generally conducted in a decorous and unexceptionable manner, and no people enjoy themselves more thoroughly or get more fun for their money than the Aristocratic Darkies of New York, when they lay themselves out for a deliberate jollification.





TSE-PIN-SHAN, CHINESE JOSS HOUSE, CANTON.



# THE BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON, CHINA,

By the English and French.

THE Chinese are a peculiar people, and their manner of conducting war is quite as curious and eccentric as are their other ways. The English and French have for a long time been threatening Canton, but it seems that these demonstrations have had very little effect on the celestials, who have gone on eating horse meat and rats with a quietness that argues well for their digestion. Commissioner Yeh sneers at the proclamations and demands of the English, and is not enough excited even to forego quiet sarcasms in his official replies to his enemies. There cannot be a doubt but that the English at Canton are too much influenced by the practices of Christian warfare, to make much impression on the yellow-skinned barbarians, who need something more pungent than what we call fair fighting to bring them to terms.

Among our interesting series of engravings illustrative of the war in China will be found a plan of Canton river, showing the position of the attacking gun boats, a superficial examination of which will give our readers a very good idea of things as they appear at the seat of war. Yeh has, however, become distinguished for his stubbornness, and has now admiration for his pluck and endurance. Before the bombardment of the outer works of the city, it is stated that he superintended the citizens in the removal of their goods, and in undermining the houses, preliminary to blowing them up if taken possession of by the enemy.

It is properly said that the Chinese are not a nervous race, and the suburbs of Canton display the fact in a most amusing degree. On the parade ground to the east of the wall-less and citadel-less city of Victoria some five hundred men of the Fifty-ninth were to be daily seen at their exercise. A cloud of Chinese children taking advantage of the severity of discipline, hung upon their skirts, stooped down and picked up the cartridge papers from between the feet of the immovable redcoats, who dared not even raise a foot to tread upon the fingers that tickled their ankles. Up in the ravine behind Government House a detachment was



SAMPAN GIRL OF CANTON RIVER.

must have passed a few feet over their heads. It cannot be that men who behave thus can be a race of cowards.

It appears, from what has transpired, that Mr. Reed, our own Minister, tried to arrange a treaty by entering into separate negotiations with Yeh, but that polite Tartar, apparently, does not know one barbarian from another, and his conditions of intercourse were distasteful to our trans-Atlantic cousins. Lord Elgin and his French colleague summoned Yeh to carry out the treaty, and gave him ten days to deliberate. To enforce the summons, the allies landed a force on the island of Honan, amounting to nearly six thousand men. Elgin's ultimatum was studiously moderate; it demanded only the execution of the treaty of 1842. This treaty stipulated that free access should be given to the five cities which were opened to foreign trade. The terms of it have been carried out at Shanghai and the northern ports, but the Canton populace has a traditional hatred of Europeans, and in deference to this feeling our people have for nearly sixteen years been debarred from their just rights. The answer of Yeh was what might have been expected. A few days before, Mr. Reed, the American Commissioner, had solicited an interview in the city. Yeh had returned for answer that he would meet him outside the city, but that no barbarian should set foot within the limits of Canton. To the British Commissioner the Governor was even more abrupt. It is said also that he ventured on a satirical reply, stating that Sir G. Bonham had been rewarded for leaving Canton unentered, and advising Lord Elgin to do likewise. Both the British and French authorities had determined to proceed to extremities. The French had on the 10th of December joined in the blockade of the Canton river, and on the 16th, the day the mail left, the island of Honan was

firing at a target, at a range of one thousand yards. That target had its attendant company of more adult Fuk-hees. They could scarcely be kept at a safe distance, and when the bugle sounded to cease firing they rushed in and dug out the wasted lead. Further off on the side of the mountain, with little flagstaves fixed

occupied by two battalions of British marines and one hundred and fifty French sailors.

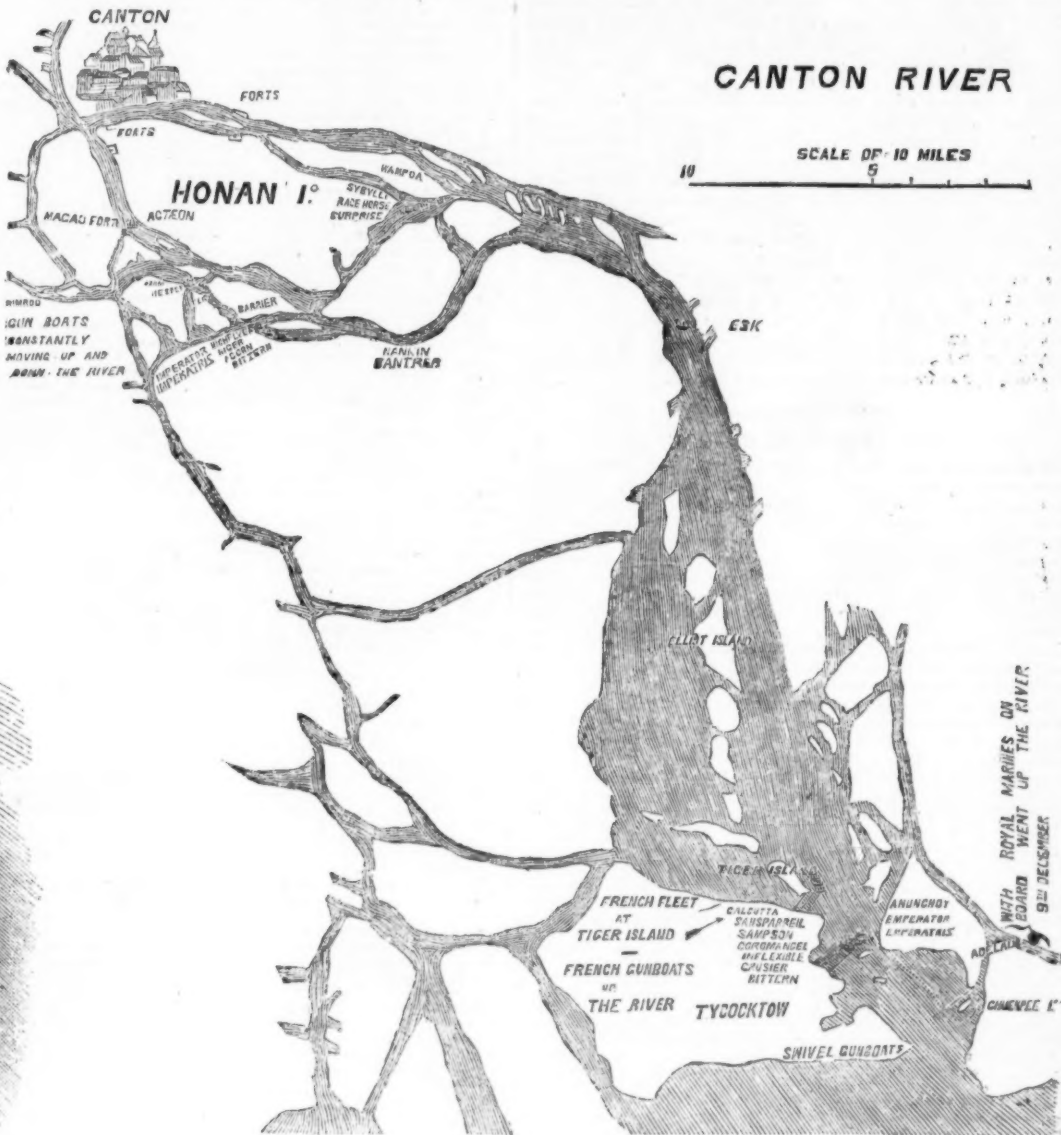
On the 28th of December, the allied forces, consisting of four thousand English and nine hundred French, landed at Canton. On the 29th the walls were escaladed, and the heights in the



ORDER OF MERIT OR VALOR, JUST INSTITUTED BY YEH.



COMMISSIONER YEH. FROM A PAINTING BY A CHINESE ARTIST.



PLAN OF CANTON RIVER, SHOWING POSITION OF GUNBOATS.

on the rocks at various ranges, a field battery was practising with shot and shell. Straight in the line of fire the Chinese washerwomen were spreading their clothes to dry upon the brushwood, quite unconcerned at the discharges, satisfied to confide in the skill of the artillerymen, and having a full practical knowledge of the flight of shot. At the short ranges the shells

town were in possession of the English. The advance into the city was feebly contested, and the damage while resistance lasted was very small. Gough's Fort was taken at two o'clock, and blown up; the Chinese continued firing from the housetops, but the allied troops were not permitted to enter the city.

It is properly argued that the Imperial Court of China will consider the loss of Canton as a matter of but small moment. Indeed, it is difficult to comprehend this strange Chinese organi-



zation, which seems at once so artificial and so unsensitive. Here is an old, polished, elaborate monarchy, with its highly centralized authority, its absolute sovereign, its educated mandarins, in gradations of classes, regulated, it is alleged, by literary attainments, and ruling by authority of the Court of Peking the utmost extremity of the empire. One would think that a blow struck at a great seaport would be most deadly to the pride and power of the sovereign; that he would use every resource to avert or avenge it, and, failing in either of these, that he would endeavor to conceal his discomfiture by an apparently magnanimous concession. But the course of the rebel war shows that cities—nay, whole provinces, may be wrested from the Imperial authority without danger or even anxiety to Peking. The life of the Chinese State seems to resemble that of a polypus; any part may be cut off without destroying the vitality or even deranging the system of the rest. It is quite possible that the capture of Canton will only be followed by some sententious proclamation commanding the destruction of the barbarians, or forbidding communication with them. Should such a retaliation be resolved on, and British vessels be driven from the Chinese ports, it would then become necessary to commence hostilities on a more extended scale. Even for the protection of life and property in the North during the Canton operations reinforcements are required. At Amoy, Shanghai, Foochow and Ningpo our traders and their families are at the mercy of any sudden outbreak. We trust that while the English and French fleets are exacting reparation at Canton, our interests in other spots, as well as the future necessities of the war, will not be forgotten. It is only by promptitude that the contest can be brought to a speedy close, and the relations of civilized nations with this inhospitable empire placed on a satisfactory basis.

#### Portrait of Commissioner Yeh.

This picture was copied from a portrait taken by a celebrated native artist. It resembles a well-fed and well-kept Chinaman, and we have no doubt is a veritable resemblance of the shrewd and thoroughly competent (so far as his business is concerned) commissioner. The face denotes capacity, but is full of craft, and possesses that repose so remarkable in the tiger when at noon-day it lies dozing in the menagerie cage.

#### The Order of Valor.

This new decoration has just been brought out by Commissioner Yeh, and is intended as a mark of distinction for the officers of the imperial army who distinguish themselves in their opposition to the allied forces. It is composed of silver, and is larger in size than our engraving represents. The motto it is presumed is *all right*, but what it means has not been as yet imparted for the benefit of outside barbarians.

#### Sampson Girl, Canton River.

Among the "foreigners" which attract the notice of the French and English soldiers and sailors, the Sampson girl is quite prominent. Her profile is attractive, her dress becoming, and her manner of rowing rather odd, as she sits sideways and pulls the oar across the body rather than towards it. The sailors have given the style she dresses her hair the expressive term *à la "tempot"*. It is very becoming, but, it is said, takes a considerable time to adjust it.

#### The Joss House.

Our page engraving represents a famous Joss House, the finest one, probably, in Nankin. This building very fairly gives the idea of all Chinese ecclesiastical architecture. Their immense number would seem to indicate that the Chinese were a very religious people; but to those who have had the advantage of personal observations, it is generally conceded that the feeling is not very deep nor the demonstrations of the devotees very sincere. An officer attached to the English army recently writing from Canton, says: "Tae-Pin-Shan was the finest Joss House, probably, in the suburbs of Canton. Upon entering, he noticed two women apparently engaged at their devotions. Directly the officer came near them they commenced laughing at and with him—they then bowed their heads to the floor—they then played tricks with each other, such as breaking little bits off the mat they were kneeling on and putting them into one another's hair; one actually got up and lit a cigarette at a light burning before the Joss. As for any real devotion, there was no attempt to affect it. The cigarette woman was most conspicuous in smoking, playing and praying. A priest in a yellow gown was near chanting the Litany, and although not unmindful of the conduct of the two ladies, made no attempt to reprove them. In different parts of the house were persons carelessly walking about, and one was tossing up a baby. Altogether the sight encouraged the idea that has long prevailed, that there is little heart or sentiment among the Chinese religionists. In every part of China this same indifference seems to prevail."

#### THE AVENGING HUSBAND.

THE malle-poste started hours later than the heavy diligence, and would arrive long before the huge conveyance. It was, besides, a smoother and more graceful mode of travelling, this by malle-poste. As to the propriety of going forward at all that night—it was the proprietor of a wayside house of entertainment who was speaking—it was not of course for him to counsel monsieur. (Shrug.) He would merely submit (shrug) that certain *infames* had been heard of lately along the road—wretches who came from behind hedges, and used travellers with small courtesy. *Mon Dieu!* it was not only the other day that the Great St. Omer diligence was stopped by a band of these *larrons*, the ill-fated *voyageurs* being stripped of everything, even to their upper-garments! It was not for him to speak. There was in his house cheer of the very best; everything comfortable. On the morrow there would be ravishing weather; and if he were in monsieur's place—

There was sound philosophy in what the good host was putting forward; and there was, besides, a snug aspect about his house: even more seducing than his arguments; to say nothing of a certain persuasive savor, as of impending *bourgeois* and rich *potages*. But it fell out, unhappily, that I was journeying homewards in hot haste, and could not afford to lose an hour. I must confess, too, I had but slender faith in the robber-legends, holding them as a transparent innkeeper's device for the decoying of weak and timorous souls.

When, then, did this malle-poste come by?  
It would here in—say about half an hour; at—say six o'clock. The *cuisinier* would just have time to get ready the divine little *biftek*, or *olette*, with a garnish—say of pistachio nut, with a potato *à la maître-d'hôtel* (ubiquitous, but ever welcome); or, indeed, anything else that monsieur would please to name. As to wine, a flask of the choicest should be standing before monsieur in rather less than a *din d'œuf*.

Fluffy indeed must have been the heart that could have withstood mine host's wistful offer. Though I believed not in his *biftek* and pistachio garnish, no, nor in the acid-water mixture which I knew would shortly figure on the table, I felt as though I had defrauded him of his anticipated prey, and bound in honor to do something for the good of the house. So he went his way rejoicing, and soon was busy with all his household manufacturing the stranger's *biftek*. Such virtue as mine was not to go without its fitting reward. In course of time the *biftek* came up, strangely charred and sodden—a grisly stringy morsel; and the wine, but for its tint, an admirable substitute for table-vinegar.

In about an hour's time, when I was looking ruefully at the *biftek*, which remained much in the same state as when it came up, I heard the sound of wheels and horses' hoofs clattering over stones outside. Running over to the window, I saw the malle-poste coming up in good style to the door. It had grown dark by this time, but I could make out pretty well what kind of vehicle it was: a light britzka-like vehicle, with capacious hood and huge springs, with a pair of fiery rough-coated quadrupeds attached, who bore signs of having come this last stage at a headlong pace—this was the malle-poste. Seated aloft, with his horse well in hand, was a smart moustached figure—the driver of the malle-poste—now busy cracking his whip and calling to the inhabitants of the inn with melodious *Ola! Ola!* He could give some account, if called on, of terrible hillside descents, of desperate precipices barely shaved, of runaway beasts with bit between their teeth—all, perhaps, all within the compass of the last stage. There he sat, chanting fragments of a post-song popular among his brethren, cracking his whip as *vrai artiste*, every now and again calling fiercely and with malediction on *ces gens-là* to come forth. To him pre-

sently appeared the overworked being who performed the various duties of *garçon*, ostler, boots, *alle-de-chambre*, and very likely, judging by the day's performance, those of chief cook. He brought a pail of steaming compound for the horses, furnishing, besides, pleasing recreation to the driver on the box, who was skillfully directing strokes of his whip within perilous range of the attendant's person. This I noted from the window, waiting until it should please mine host to bring me his little account. But looking further into the depths of the vast hood, I made out something that looked like the shadowy outlines of figures, significant of the presence of fellow-travellers. At the same moment, sounds of excited language, mingled with *sacris* and such profane adjuration, reached my ear. I stood out on the top of the stairs to listen. "Are we to stay here all night? What do we wait for? 'Is not every minute precious to me? We must get forward to night, I tell you. 'Ten thousand *sacris*, yes.' Host, in mortal fright, was murmuring something about a stranger who was going on that night. 'What stranger? Where is he? The malle-poste is for us, hear you, for us alone.' By this time I was standing upon the top of the last flight, and saw in the hall, by the light of a flickering rush-candle held by the host, a figure with coal-black hair and beard gesticulating violently. When he perceived me descending the stairs he became quite calm of a sudden, and taking off his hat, bowed low to the ground.

"Mon Dieu! it is to be our *compagnon de voyage*, it seems," he said, in a deep musical voice. "It will enliven our dreary progress wonderfully. Permit me to make myself known to you as M. Poirotte. Madame, who is in the carriage, will be charmed to know you."

I could only reciprocate such truly French approaches by others as gracious, and was being desolate at the bare idea of incommoding madame, when there came to us in clear tones from the box of the malle-poste, "*Sacré dieu, messieurs! why do we tarry? These *fagotins* of mine are pulling like ten thousand devils!*"

"*Allons donc*," said M. Poirotte, making for the door. "After you. O yes, after you."

And at some risk from the capricious movements of the horses, I was with difficulty lifted into the malle-poste, and found myself seated safely facing my new fellow-passengers. With a sudden lurch our steeds sprang off, scattering stones and gravel profusely; a hollow concussion, repeated at intervals, signifying that the body of the vehicle had been struck by the hoofs of these spirited animals.

After a few versts or so of journeying, M. Poirotte begged to be allowed the honor of introducing me to madame. I could see nothing of madame's face or figure; but a low voice came forth from the depths of the hood, murmuring some sounds I could not well make out. Presently M. Poirotte grew communicative, and it must be confessed, very entertaining on sundry passages of his past life, which were of a Bohemian tinge. He had travelled over many lands, and had seen strange countries. In short, before many minutes were over, I was persuaded that I had opposite to me a man of a striking and original turn of mind. It was very different with madame, who remained obstinately retired within the shadows of the great hood, with her white handkerchief covering up her face. She spoke scarcely a word, except in answer to his oft-repeated inquiries—was she cold? would she like more covering? But when M. Poirotte came to dwell enthusiastically on certain fair plains far away in Dauphine, where abounded shady bowers and musically-flowing streams, it seemed to me that the handkerchief was agitated curiously, and that hysterical sounds came from the dark clouds where madame lay reclined. Madame was weeping, it was plain. Upon which M. Poirotte became nervous and fidgety, and was for many minutes whispering with vehement utterance, every now and again stamping his foot impatiently.

Let us go back—O, let us go back, *mon ami*," I heard her say; "there is yet time."

"It is too late, *ma belle*," whispered hoarsely M. Poirotte, and with something like a laugh.

"O non, non," she continued, leaning forward. "Tell him, monsieur, to stop—to return."

I saw madame drawn back hastily into her dark corner, and could just hear M. Poirotte hissing forth some sharp impetuous words. Upon which she appeared to grow more composed, and to subside into weeping and silent affliction; M. Poirotte meanwhile being busy twisting his moustache and grinding his teeth audibly. "I was indebted, however, to these mysterious motions for a hasty glimpse of madame's face, which seemed of a marbly character, with darkest of eyes and eyelashes, and a strangely sorrowful cast all over it; very handsome was madame, if I could put faith in that hurried glance."

From thenceforth M. Poirotte became moody and reserved, keeping up ceaseless thrumming on the carriage-side, and every now and again whispering to his companion. Left thus to myself, I fell into speculation on the two figures before me. What could they be? where were they going? or was it some newly-married pair setting forth upon their travels? Which last conclusion seemed likely enough, since madame by this time had put down her white handkerchief, and was whispering softly; monsieur's tattoo dying gradually away.

All this while we had been making a species of mad progress by steep hills, down precipitous declivities, being drawn along as it were by wild horses. It was surprising how we bounced across little gullies in the road, over great stones and mounds of mud, without immediate breaking-up and going to pieces of our vehicle, like a ship upon the rocks. Still our conductor sat aloft in a shaky, whining, perhaps, scouring, forward his fiery beasts, and contriving somehow to keep all together. Very cheerful, but still perilous, was this mode of travelling by malle-poste. In this fashion we got over many leagues of road, enduring sad concussion all the while, until, at a little past midnight—or, indeed, it might have been close upon the stroke of one—we drew near to a small cluster of cottages and farmhouses, which I was told was the village of Aulnoy, and pulled up sharply at the little inn of the place, which bore the name of the Ardent Conscript. The Ardent Conscript was on the sign-board overhead (in gaudy coloring), swinging to and fro with every breath of air.

Madame could go no farther that night, being very much exhausted and fatigued. Monsieur was for going on at all hazards, as soon as fresh horses could be put to, remonstrating besides in fierce whispers. It was plain, however, that she was not about to budge, having sunk down at her first entrance upon a sofa altogether *abatue*, as remarked the good-natured landlady. We thought at first she had fainted, and wine was brought; but it was evident that she only wanted rest and refreshment. They had been coming many days without stop, and had travelled over some hundreds of miles, and had good right to be tired. So said M. Poirotte to me confidentially, as we stood in a group round madame upon the sofa, the landlady busy rubbing her forehead with eau-de-cologne and other restoratives. This was by the light of a dull lamp upon the table, which spread a kind of ochre-tint upon all objects round—upon madame's marble-like face also.

I turned to M. Poirotte. "What need," said I indiscreetly, "of this head-long express travelling? Have you any particular object in—"

He bowed low, with a kind of sarcastic smile. "I was welcome to many things at his house," he said, "being good *compagnon de voyage* and agreeable; but there are certain little secrets—monsieur, being a man of the world, will readily understand this—which we do not confide to every *premier venu*, or first comer."

I muttered some apology for my rather brusque question, but did not the less speculate on the mystery attending these travellers. Could it be that they had been concerned in some strange secret robbery, some vast fraud, accompanied, perhaps, by some dark deed, and they were now flying with guilty haste from justice? Most unlikely, I thought, after a minute's reflection—most unlikely.

Madame would go straight to her chamber, which was now ready for her, and so wished us good night. Suppose we—that is, M. Poirotte and I—were to sit a little by the fire, with cigar and something warm, for—say one half-hour. It was decidedly dreary turning from the cold carriage into still colder coats. For his part, he always fancied a cigar at bedtime. Nothing could be more welcome, as far as I was concerned. And so, under guidance of the sleepy *garçon*, we descended the ancient flight of stairs, which creaked unmercifully at every step, making progress towards the kitchen, where was to be found the sole fire alive at that early hour. Perilous indeed was the descent, with *garçon* going on before, and giving warning of fearful chasms, recurring periodically at about every third step. At last we found ourselves in a large stone-flagged room, with a great fireplace facing us, and a gallery, which served as a passage between the bed-rooms, running across. The fire was burning very low as we entered, and was stirred up by our conductor into a fitful blaze, which showed to us antique strangely-shaped bits of furniture, and some black wooden figures looking down from various corners of the room. They might have been saints' effigies, or perhaps images of the *Grand Henri* or *Petit Caporal*; but looking out as they did from darkness, the firelight lighting up with sudden flash some grotesque feature, I felt as though we were sitting in strange company, and should have fancied our host's own private *little salon* in preference.

Two tall high-backed chairs were drawn in to the fire; and *garçon*, having stirred up the smouldering embers into spasmodic life, went his way, leaving us together.

I was little inclined to talk myself, being heartily tired out with the day's journey. It was certainly a curious feeling, finding myself in that lonely cabaret, at long past midnight, steering every now and then a glance at the black locks and lustrous eyes of the Hebrew countenance near me. By and by M. Poirotte fell into a monologue, going far back into passages of his previous life, which would seem to have been wild and desperate enough. Dark intrigue, midnight adventure, love, hatred, with one duel à l'outrance—through such stormy paths had been his course. "Even to this hour," he went on, looking up after the curling smoke of his cigar—"even to this hour must I follow these troubled ways. What do you suppose has set me down in this wretched cabaret, in company with madame upstairs? Can you guess? You are making for England, so there is little to fear in your knowing it."

A light broke in upon me of a sudden. Could it be that madame had—

"Left her home, husband, children, friends—all for the sake of the unworthy being who is now speaking?"

"I am truly sorry to hear this," I said; "for rash steps bring with them only misfortune and remorse."

"Ay," said M. Poirotte, "I believe so in my heart; and for that matter, so does poor madame. It were better for her had she staid with her gray-haired colonel, a brave man and fond husband."

"But it is not too late," I said very earnestly. "Do take my advice—return at once; and if my good offices can be of any use—"

"Ah, *mon ami*," said M. Poirotte, with a bitter smile, "you know not what manner of man that ancient colonel is. A tall gray warrior, who has seen many battles, and borne scars, full of pride and trust in her. Ah," continued M. Poirotte, writhing uneasily in his chair, "that part of the business I would like to shut out from my eyes. I feel we shall owe many troubled dreams to that gray colonel."

"Goodness! I said, if you really think this, in Heaven's name, why not do as I say. I tell you again and again it is not too late."

He shook his head. "No, no; we must go on as we have begun, though I know well his grim figure will haunt me, for the shame of it will kill him."

"Hark!" I said, holding up my finger. There was a jingling sound as of chains outside, with rattling of wheels over stones, and postillion's sharp *Ola! Ola!* for some one to come forth. Then came mixed voices and clatter of glass as the door was shut to.

"More travellers on the road," said M. Poirotte, rising. "O, this weary night-journeying! We ought to be tired, God knows. Some way my head seems full of dismal fancies."

We did not speak for some minutes, but sat looking at the grate, each in a reverie of his own. Presently it seemed that there were sounds of footsteps afar off, in the direction of the gallery, as though some one were approaching. Through the low arched door at the entrance came light, moving unsteadily, displaying against the wall long dwindled shapes of the old crooked rails of the balustrade. It flickered spasmodically, growing brighter every instant; and presently appeared the *garçon*, going on before with a lamp, after whom walked a tall figure, with gray moustache, and wrapped in a military cloak. He passed solemnly across, like something seen in a dream, and was gone in a moment. I scarcely dared to breathe, as I watched the mysterious passage. M. Poirotte had sunk down into his chair and covered up his face with his hands.

"*Mon Dieu*," said he at length, "all, then, is lost! How well I knew it would come to this! And now, to have this other sin upon my head. What is to be done?"

"But," said I, "things are not come to that yet. He does not know that you are here; and if you are gone early in the morning—"

"Ah, what has been his first inquiry, think you? No, no, my good friend, leave me to myself. It were best. Leave me, I conjure you, and I will strive and think of something."

Seeing him so resolved, I did as he desired; and taking in my hand a primitive lamp which was on the table, made my way up the ancient staircase to my room; a small apartment, garnished with old-fashioned cabinets and bits of furniture, quite black and polished with age.

All was now quiet in the house; but in the next room to me I could hear a ceaseless steady tramp, as though some one were walking up and down; no doubt the gray colonel, wrapped in his cloak, and brooding sorrowfully upon his wrongs. It went on monotonously, that heavy pacing, as though he were keeping guard, until it grew, as it were, into a lullaby, and sent me off in a profound and wearied slumber. Just as my eyes were closing, it seemed to me that his door opened, and that his footsteps died away far down the gallery.

Bright and frosty was the next morning, so bright, that M. Poirotte and Monsieur le *garçon* had gone forth together shortly after sunrise. They were old friends, *garçon* believed, laying out breakfast very cheerily. The scenery was fine about Aulnoy, and *voyageurs* came long distances to see it. And madame? Madame was still in her chamber, too tired, he suspected, to go forward. By the way, did I know that the early diligence would come by in about two hours, at, say twelve o'clock? It was strange, certainly, that messieurs had not returned from their walk.

Not quite so strange did it appear to me, who, to say the truth, was filled with heavy foreboding. Some way I was interested in the brave old officer, and could not shut out from myself that mysterious vision of his passage across the gallery, with the light playing on his forehead and gray moustache. Even when I heard the sound of wheels and the clank of chains outside at that late hour, I felt a sort of presentiment, as though some avenging spirit had arrived. Not much relish for breakfast had I that morning.

An hour passed away, then half an hour, when, as I was looking down the road—for the twentieth time perhaps—I saw a horseman spurring hard towards the inn-door. He pulled up quickly and produced a letter from M. le Colonel, directed to madame. M. le Colonel himself would arrive about noon. He had come straight from a small town some ten miles further on, outside which there had been a murderous duel, *sans témoins*. M. Poirotte was at that moment lying under the trees beside the brook quite stiff and stark, being pierced through by M. le Colonel's sword.

As he spoke there was to be seen a cloud of dust at the corner of the road, and a familiar jingling sound, mingled with winding of horns, fell upon our ears. It was the great diligence coming over the hill. The little children came running up from the roadsides, the women stood forth at the cottage-doors to see it halt and change horses, and mine host and his following were busy getting ready anticipated *petites verres* and other refectory. Place was found for me inside the huge mountain, and in a few moments the horn was winding cheerily, and I was rolling along the rough high-road, having left far behind me madame, sitting guiltily in an upper chamber of the Ardent Conscript inn, with no company beyond her letter, with black despair in her heart, and waiting judgment at the hands of her offended husband.

#### LINES.

By Henry C. Watson.

Roaming on heedlessly by the sea shore,  
Counting the pebbles the blue waves curl o'er,  
Asking for nothing of Time in his flights  
But to leave me untrammelled my dreams of delight.  
Thoughtless, but happy, in ignorance blest,  
Wise in not seeking out cause for unrest.  
Thus childhood passed.

Poring o'er volumes both musty and old,  
Conning with labor traditions oft told,  
Feeding my fancy with legends of yore,  
Unconscious of all the false glitter they wore.  
One time warmed by Passion, then cool'd by disdain,  
But loving, still loving, again and again.  
Thus pass'd my youth.

Fighting the cold world that fought me again,  
Nor yielded a pace but by toil and by pain,  
Striving untired on the pathway to Fame,  
Determined to write in its temple my name.  
Unflinching 'midst poverty, sickness and care,  
Too constant to flatter, too proud to despair.  
Thus manhood passed.

Calm and unmoved, midst the world's ceaseless strife,  
As one who has learned the great lesson of life,  
Regretting alone the fond follies of youth,  
Which, based upon dreamings, dissolve before truth.  
Fixing my hopes on the future, the more  
That kindred and loved ones have found it before.  
Thus age creeps on.

#### MRS. SQUIZZLE IN WASHINGTON--NO. 4. Sally Mari is introduced into Fashionable Society--Writes to her Lover--Mrs. Squizzle's First Attempt at Poetizing.

TOOK Sally Mari to the reception at the White House on Saturday night. Warnt exactly pleased with her introduction to Bew Cannon. The feller that did the presentin dashed around and cut so many flourishes, that it flustered Sally Mari and me both; I never did like such a plavarian kind uv a way uv doin business. We didnt stay there long after the introduction, for Sally Mari had showed herself to good advantage, and there was no waistin time and runnin the risk of gettin our dresses torn off in the crowd.

As soon as we got home I asked Sally Mari what she thort of Bew Cannon for a husband.

He appears to be a kleanor old feller enuf, but he kant hold a kandle tu Harry in point uv good looks, sez she.

I began tu see how matters and things stood between her and Mister Harry, and I made up my mind tu put a stop tu it; so sez I, if you think Harry's harnsome face and figure is a goin tu karry you through the world without money tu help yourselves along, you are grandly mistaken.

But he's so genteel and dresses with sich exquisite taste, sez she.

Worse and worse, sez I. Love wont put bread and butter into your mouths, neither will gentility. As fur harnsome face and figur, why jist look at your farther Jabez Josephus Squizzle. (That was his Christian name, but I drop the Josephus immediately after we were married—massy sakes knows I didnt want tu go over that long rignmarole every time I spoke tu him.) He had good features as any one would wish tu see, with the exception of his knows, which was the leastest grain one sided, but that warnt noised only when you stood directly in front uv him. His mouth was uncommon large, but he had an excellent set uv teeth, which projected it is true, but not enuf tu hurt his looks when he kept em out uv site. His eyes were dark and very large, and if they only been not strate in his bed, would have been the brietest ornaments in his full face; but they didnt look bad after a body got used tu em. And his hair—well there—you may talk about your Harry's and your James's and your Johnnes—I dont believe theres a man in this ere city that kan show a harnsomer head uv bare than Squizzle had when I married him. It karked up as close tu his hed as the hed bin fed on fried bread all his life, and the only objection a body could make tu it, it was red; but in them days red hair was fashionable, everybody wore it. There warnt a better lookin man than Jabez Josephus Squizzle tu be found in his day, if I du any it; and what is there left uv him now? No hair, no teeth, no eyes, no nothin. I had never gin money a thort when I married him; but I thort uv it mighty soon after when I found I had tu go tu work myself tu earn my bred and butter. And so will you if you marry a feller with nothin to rekommend him but a gentele air and good looks. Youve arrived at an age of discussion, and better things is expected uv you than the generality uv young wimmin.

Sally Mari lookt down-kind-uv-cast a minit, and then she undertook tu say



something about the disparagement of their ages, but I want a goin' to listen to no such nonsense as that.

Arnt James Bow Cannon a man of debility and power, and arnt he in a situation to support a wife harmoniously? This is a retrogradin age of ours; I du deklare if it dont seem to me that folks are a growin more nonsensical every day. Rich ideas as some folks has got uv matrimony is enuf to make a cat lick its paw.

Now theres Captain Co-Burg over there in London State. His wife and he has bin a marryin oph their oldest darter; I du deklare it seems as if some people was in such a hurry to git rid uv their young uns, they couldnt wait till they got their growth. Now Id like to know what a gal uv seventeen—whos bin kept away from hum to a boardin skool all her life—knows about housekeepin? I pity the poor thing, fur I know how it was with me. Ill kum a master site harder to her to have to go to work all uv a sudden than it would to have took it by degrees. No doubt her husband thinks hes got a crack housekeeper; but if he dont have to eat sour bred and frowzy butter the first year, then Ill lose my guess. Them two things requires a master site uv care, and green hands is apt to neglect em. I pity the poor feller; but he arnt the first one thats got took in in that way; I dont wonder the gal cried after the dress was tied. Another green notion was the brides wearin a white travelin dress—kouldnt heve got a more delicate color if theyd tried, and no doubt the dress will be intirely ruined afers its bin worn half a dozen times. What on airth the gal wants uv fourteen dozen pair uv shoes is more than I kan tell; I spose she dont sport more than two feet like the rest uv us, tho a bodyd think she had six or eight—the way shes layin in fur shoes down there in that country where folks as its warm enuf to go barefoot six months uv the year.

Theres bin rather extravagant goins on over there, if the papers tell the truth, and I shouldnt wonder if Captain Albert Co-Burg busted up afore he got all his young-uns married oph, if he goes on this high figer with the hull eight uv em. Another grate overate was their bein married on washin da. Every body that went to the wedding must of kourse put by their washin until Tuesday, iron Wednesday, and so the work drags along the hull week; everything a day behind time. They must hev had poor bringin up, I reckon, for theres bin terrible mismanagment sumwhere. Well, good luck to the young couple and bad luck to their enemies. No doubt the bride will foller the example uv her illustrious mother, and manidge Mister Fred admirably.

Sally Mari dispersed herself as soon as Id dun, and I thought it would be a good place to leave her to herself the remainder of the day. I wanted her to ponder on what Id sed, so I drest myself and went out a shoppin, for Id heard Mrs. Douglas was to give a grand entertainment, and that all the celebrities was to be invited, and I knew Sally Mari would have to have a hull new outfit. Well, the very first thing I did was to buy her a pumpkin kolored silk dress, buy-a-dear style, I reckon (I paid enuf for it), and trimmings to match. Ive heard it was to be all the fashion, and everybody knows I alers like to be first and foremost in these important things. Dint have to buy a petticoat, for Sally Mari—good careful soul—found one that belonged to her great-grand-mother, hangin up in the attic to hum, and she brought it down with her; so I ripped it and turned it, and pased it down, and, as Sally Mari said, when I got through, it looks enuf most as well as new. It will be a brilliant set-oph to her pumpkin kolored dress. The next move I maid was to a millinery store, and there I bought some pumpkin kolored ribbin and fifty cents worth uv droopin burdocks for Sally Mari's hair. They lookt fur all the world just like the natral flower, and Sally Mari went haf wa distracted over em, they reminded her so much of hum. They need to grow wild all around our house in Konkapot. Since Sally Mari has took to wearin short dresses and pantyletts shes had to be mighty pertickler about her stockins, so I agreed Id try and git a pair to match her dress. After a while I kum to rather uv a nice lookin fancy store, and I popt in and asked the klark to let me look at sum stockins.

Show the lady sum hoes, sez he to a feller tuther side uv the store.

Lawy sakes, sez I, if this weather continues a body wont want to use hoes fur two months to kum. Its pumpkin kolored stockins Im afers; they all begun to laff, and I jest took a short turn and put for the door, when one uv the fellers called me back and sed he reckoned theyd got something that would jest suit me. So they went to sarchin around, and at last they found a pair uv the rite kolor, but they were ring-streaked with white, and I told em they wouldnt do for me, no how.

Then one of the klarks (a real sensible kind uv a feller) stept up to me, and sez he, Madam, these stockins are decidedly the latest stile out, and this is the last pair we have in the store. Yesterday, Lady Grow Worsely kum in and took haf a dussin pair. They are all the rage now, depend upon it. We dont offer em fur sail nor even show em to kummon folks. It wouldnt do to let our blood customers see em kiverin their immense feet.

Of kourse I took em after hearin that, for as I sed before I dont like to be behindhand in such an important thing as the fashions. I should expect to get kicked out uv society at onst.

I was orfuly disappointed when I herd the next da that Mrs. Douglas was sickened, and kouldnt give the promised entertainment, and Sally Mari she sot down and cried jest as hard as she kould cry, and wouldnt be passible till Jabex cum hum with invertations to Kount de Sasanges bawl in the evening. Then she wiped up her eyes and went to gittin ready, and if she didnt make herself konspikuous that nite I wouldnt say it. Her dress was very bekuming, and the pumpkin kolored ribbin was an exact match to her hair, and that with the droopin burdocks wavin gracefully on each side, had jest the purtiest kind uv an effect.

The kount himself was smut, as well as sum others, with Sally Mari's stylish appearance. She had a kind uv a winnin wa pekuliar to herself. There want a unmarried gal in the room but what watched her every minit uv the hull evening; and I shouldnt be surprised at the next doins to see em all kum out in pumpkin kolored dresses and droopin burdock fixins in their hair. In the kourse uv the evening the kount kum along and sot down by me. I new what he was up to, and want in the leastest way thrown oph my gard when he went to konplimentin my darters exquisite taste. Sed he admired her genteel air, which showed her to be uv hi birth, and that was what he desired more than riches.

Ses I, Mr. Sasanges, youre the seniblist feller Ive kum akrost yet. Sally Mari is, as you sa, uv hi birth. I remember the sirkumstance uv her bein born up in Joneses attick jest as plain as tho it happened yesterday.

He looked kinder hard at me, and thinkin I had disintentionally sed something that didnt suit, I changed the subiect and went to sayin somethin about Sally Maris ritins.

He didnt seem to understand me at first; and after I had explained it to him (imagine my surprise), he deklared he had never red one uv her effusions, and had never till that nite heard uv the *Weekly Phizle*.

I told him he was orfuly behind the times, for every body from Dan to Basheba that was anything, or ever kalkylated to be anything, took the *Phizle*; and furthermore, I told him if he wanted to keep himself in the good graces uv the Americans, there was no better wa than to subscribe fur the paper at onst.

He took the name down in his memorandum book, but with all I kould do I kouldnt make him pronounce it rite. He kept kawling if the *Weekly Phizle* till the last.

He sed he should endeavor to become better acquainted with my talented darter; and when we were about leavin, he actually asked permission to cawl on her; and if he hadnt hev bin a married man, I should hev kondered that the next thing to poppin the question, tho I dont sa so out. It wont do to let it be known that you her two stricks to your bow.

When we got hum that nite I told Jabex that the question must be settled one wa or tother between Sally Mari and Bow Cannon.

He sed Id better wait till Bow Cannon asked the question, and then it would be time enough to answer it.

Thats jest about as much as a man knows about manidgin things, and I told him so. If hed had half the spirit uv a man, hed hev brought Bow Cannon to terms afore this time.

Upon that he mudded up, and sez he, If you expect me to foller men around and ask em to marry my darter, you are mistaken. Sally Mari kan marry when she pleases—I shant interfere.

I never seen a feller put on sick air as Squizle has fur the last few days. I see he was quite sot up, and I told him hed better lower his dignity one peg, if not more, or hed git somebody to lower it for him.

I never thort uv his goin round and askin fellers to marry our darter; but one thing was sartain, if he didnt keep his long knows out uv site, nobody ever would marry her.

He dont seem to have no kind uv an idee about the duties uv parents to their children, tho I told him what the quineskone would be if we throwed Sally Mari into the society there, and allowed her to go with who she pleased.

Now, Ive had my eyes in use ever since Ive bin here, and Im not ashamed to sa Ive lart konsiderable. Ive already got a list of rules (for the benefit uv young ladies jest enterin society) all sot down on paper, and Sally Mari has learned most uv em by heart already. I saw a woman practicin em on Kount Wousenkursen, tother nite. While he was standin near, she dropt her handkercher, and it happened jest when he was lookin at her. Of kourse he kum rite akrost and picked it up, and presented it to her. Then she thanked him fur his trouble, and jest as he was turnin to leave, she asked him if he would kondukt her to her mother in the next room. Well, they went three times thro the rooms afore they found her, and immediately after, the lady maid the discovery that her silver leaf fan was missing, and as she found it necessary to go in quest of it rite away, the kount accompanied her, and with her own maneuverin and a little uv her mother's help, she kept him by her side nearly the whole evenin.

Now, when things happen in that wa two or three sucksessiv evenins, people begin to understand that the gentleman is paying particklar attention to the lady, and its no more than rite that the parents uv the young lady should hint their expectations to the attentive gentleman, and if hes a man uv ones, he will see at onst he is gone too far to reced, and the match is made without further parley. If, on the other hand, he refuses to marry the lady whose heart has been won by those little attentions, a little sharp talk and the site of a pistil barrel protrudin from the pocket of an indignant father or brother will allers bring em to terms.

But I find its no use talkin to Squizle. Hes determined not to understand the propriety uv the thing, tho Ive spent my breth and pashience to explainin my views.

I shall hev to take up the cudgels myself I reckon, for Ive determined that Sally Mari Squizle shall be Sally Mari Somethin else between this and summer.

It will cost a heap uv money to take her to Sary Togy as we did last summer, and she may as well marry first as last, and let her husband bear the expense. Shes a gettin dreadfull narvie uv late; had the jumpin toothake all nite. I told her shed better go and hev it distracted afore her face got to swellin, but she kouldnt bear the idee, and went oph into an apologetic fit as soon as I mentioned it.

That afternoon Bow Cannon kawled, and I tied a silk handkercher around Sally Mari's face and made her kum down, fur I didnt feel at all satisfied with her first introduction to him.

So I took her by the hand and walked her into the room, and, sez I, Mr. Bow Cannon this is my darter, Sally Mari.

He shook her hand very affectionately, and made a harsum speech to her. I was pleased to see how well Sally Mari done. She blushed in jist the rite place, and kerchled and smiled a rite down sentimental smile when he let go uv her hand.

I spoke to him about her poitry, and he said it was jist what was needed at the present day. It was remarkable for its originality, and then kum in a hull string uv long jawbreaking words which I never heard afore, and he finished oph by sayin many poits already famous mite gather new ideas from her very excellent produchuns.

I jist wish Muggins' wife kould hev heard that, I guess she wont try to run down Sally Mari ritins any more when she finds they are so poppylar here; if she dos, she will git her name struck out uv the books uv all literary individwals here, and that in short order, too.

Theres trials and troubles and tribulations uv all sorts put upon us poor wimmin. This mornin I made a dreadfull discovery—a letter in Sally Maris port-o-folly, addressed to Harry Worthly, Esq., and in her handritin, too. I was struck dumb with astonishment, and, rushin to the hed uv the stairs, I kawled Jabex to kum up.

He kum on a keek jump, for he thort, from my voice, that I had fainted dead awa.

I was wakin the room in an agitated state, and found myself unable to answer him when he asked, in a tremblin voice, What the matter ailed me?

I waved my hand to him, and he acted himself wile I red the letter aloud:

HEART TRIALS.

O, Harry, dere Harry, Im pinit with grief,  
And tere do not bring their accustomed relief;  
Since I had you adew I not slumbered or slept,  
And oceans of tere at our fate I have wept.

O hard was the mandate that forced us to part,  
And bleedin the wound it has made in my heart;  
Ive appealed to the heart uv my mother in vain,  
She stoutly declares we shall not meet again.

Sum may, perchance, think it an envious station  
To be the "admir'd" uv the hed uv the nation;  
And in Shakspeare we rede how it once came to pass  
That a butious maid fell in luv with an ass.

But times must hev changed, dereest Harry, since then,  
What were asses in those days are new styled "great men."  
And the dressed in fine broadcloth and changed in their name,  
I find in their nature they are still the same.

There is not a lord or a kount to be seen  
That is equal in stile to my Harry I ween,  
There is no diplomatist, no snoby M.C.  
That can eer fill the place of my Harry to me.

When I saw you so troubled with doubts and with fears,  
When I saw your sweet face all bedabbled in tere,  
When I heard your voice quake as you bad me adew,  
I felt, dereest Harry, that you suffered too.

I value not fortune, I care not fur fame,  
O what is vile luv—pray whate is a name?  
More than all is your luv, my dere Harry, fur me,  
More than death shall I suffer if parted from thee.

The course uv tru luv never smoothly did run,  
O kum to me—kum fur me—or I am undone;  
But kum in disguise, and should you presume  
To answer this letter, take a new nom-de-plume!

Squizle was thunderstruck, and I told him to leave me to my meditations, and Id jist rite Mister Harry a letter that wouldnt set so well. Sally Mari had gon out fur a walk, and I locked the door so as not to be disturbed, and sot down to the desk, but I found it no easy matter to put my thoris on paper in rime.

I kinder thort that Sally Mari got her powetical talent from me, for goodness gracious knows, Squizle hasnt a grain of intellectuality in his komposition, and I made up my mind, if there was any poitry in my nature, it should show itself. So after two hours work I brot out the followin:

TO MR. HARRY WORTHLY.

To think a no-body, no-nothin like you  
Should inspire to the hand uv my darter!  
I say, Mister Harry,  
You had far better tarry,  
For a lady uv intelec  
Like my darter Sally  
You never can, never can, never can marry.

To think a no-body, no-nothin like you  
Should inspire to the hand uv my darter  
One with title and name,  
Has won the affection  
Uv my darter Sally.  
Then believe what you here,  
Nor dare to cum nire,  
For my darter Sally  
You never can, never can, never can marry.

When Id dun, I kawled Jabex up and red it to him; but I found it was time thord awa—he insisted that the meter and rime was both bad. The idee uv Jabex Squizle settin himself up fur a powetick cricket was more than I kould indure. I had to laff when he asked what upon airth I repeted the two first lines in the rekond stanza for? I guess if he had bothered his hed over it as long as I had hed hev known without askin, and I jest told him it want sich a very onkommon thing fur riters when they got in a title place to make two lines uv the first stanza dur fur every verse. Where Id repeted the words never can so many times, I ment it, and I repeted em to give more force to the expression.

You may be rite tere, sez he, but it dont rime.

Squizle, sez I, fur I was put out, and if theres anything on airth that will bring a womans dander up, it is findin fault with her poitry—Squizle, sez I, and as I sed Squizle the second time, I emfasised the word so strong that it actually brot him up on his fete, Im sorry fur you if you are sich an abomnabie blockhead that you dont no its blank verse.

At that he ketcht up his hat and awa he went mutterin that he had never sean rime and blank verse mixed up tgether afore.

If he thort he was a goin to hev the last word that time he was mistaken. I jest chaste him up, and, when Id got within hearin distanse uv him, sez I, Squizle, you hevnt sean all the world yet.

Everybody is fixin fur a two weeks measin, and I make it a pint to foller the fashions.

We used to think up in Konkapot that one da in a week was sufficient; but then we were all good kristian peple uv thes.

Heer everythin is dun with a rush. Fokes komit so menny sins without stoppin to think, that it takes two weeks to git absolved.

To tell the truth, there is sum uv the abomnablist, wickedest kritters hear that the Lord ever brot into existense. I pity the poor sinful disceaven mortals, and am thankful I arnt one uv em.

Greek Affection for Foreigners.

To say the truth, the Greeks like none but Greeks. If they like foreigners, it is in the same way that the sportsman loves game. They show the same affection to the French, the English and the Russians, by cheating them uniformly in everything—by selling impartially to them all articles at double the price which they sell them to Greeks—in giving small change. A Greek would think he had lost caste if he did not cheat you in giving you back change for a five-franc piece. When you perceive it, and mention it to him, he repairs his mistake, and smiles amiably, as much as to say, "We understand one another; you guessed that I was a rogue; you are a man of sense; perhaps a bit of a rogue yourself; we were made to understand one another." A Greek coffee house-keeper is by no means embarrassed when a Frenchman and a Greek, who have taken coffee at the same table, come at the same time to pay him, the one twopence, the other a penny. If you made any observation upon it to him, he would answer, "The Greeks do not eat up one another."

Manufacture of Combs.

It is said that the greatest comb manufactory in the world is in Aberdeen, Scotland. There are thirty-six furnaces for preparing horns and tortoise-shell for the combs, and no less than one hundred and twenty iron screw presses are continually going in stamping them. Steam power is employed to cut the combs. The coarse combs are stamped or cut out—two being cut in one piece at a time. The fine dressing combs, and all small tooth combs, are cut by fine circular saws, some so fine as to cut forty teeth in the space of one inch, and they revolve five thousand times in one minute. There are some two thousand varieties of combs made, and the aggregate number produced of all these different sorts of combs is about 9,000,000 annually; a quantity that, if laid together lengthways, would extend about seven hundred miles. The annual consumption of ox horns is about 730,000, and the annual consumption of hoofs amounts to 4,000,000; the consumption of tortoise shell and buffalo horn, although not so large, is correspondingly valuable. A hoof undergoes eleven distinct operations before it becomes a finished comb.

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND.

We present our readers in the current number with portraits of the young couple, who may be said to combine in their persons the beauty and high breeding of the English and German Courts. These portraits have been pronounced the best that have ever been published, and cannot fail to awaken a lively interest in the minds of our more youthful readers. The Princess Royal, there cannot be a doubt, is an amiable and highly accomplished English girl. The secrecy that once obtained about the life of royal personages has been removed, and no young lady of her years has ever been more thoroughly before the public than the Princess Royal. From her birth up to the present moment scarcely an act of her life has escaped the notice of the chronicler, for we have had in the court papers the most minute details. The whole review leads to but one conclusion—that the young lady is well educated, and that she has been trained with a care that no American family would think of exercising, or no American child endure. The consequence is, that she is fitted to shine in her new sphere of wife and prospective Queen. Many anecdotes are related of the Princess. She possesses the power to strongly attach those about her to her person, and she has ever been remarkable for making the noble and the humble and o g her youthful companions her sincere friends. Upon her last leavetaking at Balmoral Castle, the sorrow expressed by the attendants of that palace became painful, and the Princess's emotions were equal to those of her humble friends. The fact that at the close of the marriage ceremony she threw herself, contrary to all court etiquette, upon her mother's neck and heartily wept, is a proof that she has strong affections and indulges in the luxury of their display.

When quite young she was to act as godmother to a little child of one of the attendants about the palace; she came too late to perform her part of the ceremony, and was quite importunate that the baptism should be repeated, that she might not be disappointed in her wishes. On another occasion she was sewing quietly, when perceiving the Duke of Wellington by her side, she held up her finger, and displaying a thimble with two holes in it, asked "if such a mark of industry did not justify the receipt of a better thimble?" The Duke took the hint, and sent her a gold one, accompanied by some playful verses. When it was announced to the Princess that she had a young sister, (Helena) she expressed herself highly delighted, and immediately started off saying, "that she would go and tell her mother."

We know comparatively little of the prince her husband. His suit would probably have been encouraged, no matter how little personal claim he may have possessed to the hand of the princess. The children of Victoria are debarred by law from marrying their own countrymen, and there are few Protestant princes on the continent whose position would justify a marriage with the royal family of England. Prince Frederick William is probably at the head of continental claimants, and, so far as that is concerned, was a fit person. The idea prevails, and it is no doubt true, that on his side a strong attachment exists—it could hardly be otherwise; but it is probable that the princess, full of spontaneous feeling, as she seems to be, may have been a sacrifice to state necessity, for it is presumable that she has seen many gallant youths quite as attractive as her chosen husband.

The domestic history of the royal family of the House of Prussia has not been altogether of a pleasant nature. Probably the worst, however, never presented a more repulsive picture than was represented in the domestic relations of George the Fourth, though he was not a fair representation in social life, for a century at least, of the royal family of England. The father of Frederick the Great, Frederick William of Prussia, married a royal daughter of England. He was an eccentric man and a most exceptionable husband; in fact, he deservedly wore the title of a madman. The present King of Prussia is over sixty years of age, and possesses a character not unlike the father of Frederick the Great. In early life he was full of sensibility, and yet cruel, easily influenced to tears, yet often strangely hard-hearted. His mania has been for military reforms, and he has been so successful that the continental armies of Europe are mostly dressed after designs invented by him; the Russian army presents a particular example. It is stated that while attending state councils, and after listening to long arguments from his advisers, he would suddenly rouse himself, and take out of his pocket a pattern of a new uniform, and present it for the opinion of the persons around him. Some months ago he was taken sick, and since his recovery, has been more or less insane. Though married, he has no children. His sister is the present Dowager Empress of Russia.

The brother of the insane monarch is the heir to the throne of Prussia, and is the father of Frederick William. He is a man but little past the prime of life, and is distinguished for his fine personal appearance and fondness for military display. He has seen some service. The King has other brothers, one of whom is a brilliant example of a very "indifferent husband." His neglect and abuse of his wife was often a subject of censure from the King, before his mind was destroyed by insanity. On one occasion the unhappy wife appealed to the King for protection against his brother. The King severely chided and threatened punishment if the offending individual did not reform. A short time afterwards the wife entered the nursery, and to her joyful surprise saw her husband intently busy rocking the cradle containing the infant. Overjoyed at the sight she expressed her gratification in lively emotion, when the brutal husband suddenly seized the child and threw it out of the window. The wife fainted, and when restored was informed that the baby was represented by a lap-dog. For this piece of cruelty the King punished his brother by giving him a good trouncing about the head with his fists.

Frederick William, the husband of the Princess Royal, is a fine looking young man, highly educated after the fashion of German princes, his chief school being at the head of a regiment. With all the industry of the English press, no anecdotes have been given that afford any insight into his character. He has moved through the pageants in which he has been so prominent an actor with splendid propriety, taken his bride with him to Berlin, where both will most probably, so far as their lives are concerned, be buried from the sight of American readers. As young people, full of sympathy, and subject to all the pains and penalties peculiar to human beings, they create an interest among the young and refined the world over, and for these reasons we American republicans wish them a long life and all possible happiness.

JULIUS—Sam, you're a drunkard—you allers drunk, and your habits is loose, nigga, your habits is loose.  
Sam—Julius, look here.  
Julius—Well, what is it? I attends, I attends.  
Sam—Is you a filosoffer?  
Julius—A filosoffer—what's dat?  
Sam—Why, don't you know de science of reason?  
Julius—Why, yes, nigga, yes.  
Sam—Well, ax me dis, den—how de debble am my habits loos, when is "right" all de time?





PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA. See Page 2813





PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND. SEE PAGE 231.



### WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE STREET.

Proprietor.....Henry Wood.  
GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS respectfully announce to their patrons and the public in general that the above elegant structure is now open under the management of Henry Wood and George Christy, with an entirely new Programme.  
Stage Manager.....Sylvester Blecker.  
Treasurer.....L. M. Winans.  
Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at 7 1/2 o'clock precisely.

### BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—Incomparable American Drama,

MRS. CHARLES HOWARD,  
and all the great Dramatic Company.  
Every Evening at seven o'clock, and every Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons at half-past two o'clock.  
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c.  
Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

### LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.

Miss Laura Keene.....Sole Lessee and Directress.  
Buckstone's beautiful and highly successful three act drama of the GREEN BUSHES;  
On, RELAND AND AMERICA A HUNDRED YEARS AGO  
Doors open at 6 1/2; the performance will commence at 7 1/2 o'clock.  
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trubner & Co., 12 Paternoster row, London.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, MARCH 13, 1858.

### Special Notice.

We repeat what we have frequently said before, that we cannot be responsible for any MSS. sent to us unsolicited. The authors of the MSS. that we accept will be addressed upon the subject. The MSS. which we reject we will not undertake to return.

### OUR MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING

of the

### NEW HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES

at

### WASHINGTON.

We shall shortly publish this superb Picture, which will be the LARGEST ENGRAVING EVER EXECUTED IN AMERICA.

Our Artists have been engaged in its production for several months past, its elaborate architectural details and numerous life figures requiring unusual care and minute finish. Its production will be an era in the art of Wood Engraving in America, and we feel a little pride in presenting it to the Subscribers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

TO OUR READERS.—The crowded state of our cut pages, in consequence of the Princess Wedding Illustrations, has excluded the final chapters of the life and career of "Jones ye Moderne Bar-keeper." These will be published at the earliest possible moment.

### Congress.

It requires but little space to "do up" the proceedings of Congress for the past week. Our Government is theoretically formed for the benefit of the people; yet our National and State Legislatures are more utterly regardless of the people's interests than are any other deliberative bodies in the world. The people are more particularly represented in Congress under the head of "private claimants," but the sovereign people, through this the only way they come directly before Congress, are every year treated with more and more indifference. Thirteen long weeks of the session have passed, yet scarce an hour has been appropriated to private claims. Even the committees have had no opportunity for weeks past to make reports, and hundreds of private claims, involving just dues from the Government to individuals, and often, for insignificant amounts, are denied even a place in the calendar.

General Shields, writing from Washington to the President of the Senate of Minnesota, says: "In the case of Minnesota there was no litigated political question which called for executive recommendation; whereas, in Kansas, an unfortunate sectional struggle invested the question with a national, but unnatural prominence, which made it the duty of the President to express a decided opinion on the subject. Still, it has not failed to elicit remark that the Minnesota Constitution, which is the legitimate offspring of the whole people of Minnesota, has not received the compliment of a passing notice even from the executive organ of the Union, while the Constitution of Kansas, which a great many people consider the fraudulent offspring of a factious minority, is to be urged upon Congress with all the weight and authority of the Administration!" So much for national affairs.

In the Senate a bill has been passed appropriating \$400,000 to carry out the Sound Dues treaty. Bills amendatory of the Patent Laws, and of the law regulating the Carrying of Passengers in steamships and other vessels were introduced. The last mentioned bill doubtless is in reference to alleged outrages committed on the persons of young female passengers on board emigrant ships—a matter that was brought to the attention of Congress some time since by the New York Emigration Commissioners. Mr. Douglas introduced resolutions calling for information respecting the Kansas question, denouncing at the same time Gen. Calhoun, whom he charged with keeping back the returns of the Kansas election. He was cut off in the midst of his remarks by the announcement of the special order of the day—the admission of Kansas. Once again aloft on this sea of words, Collamer and Pugh made speeches for and against Kansas, when Senator Seward got the floor, and the Senate adjourned. The next day Mr. Seward made a lengthy speech against Lecompton, and Thompson, of New Jersey, in favor of it, and the Senate again adjourned. The following day was nearly all occupied by

Kansas, Mr. Toombs, however, submitting a proposition instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of a general and uniform Bankrupt Law, which law should be promptly passed.

In the House, the motion to reconsider the vote referring to the Committee of the Whole the bill authorizing the President to re-instate officers of the navy affected by the decisions of the naval board, was discussed until adjournment. On the following day it was passed by a majority of seventy-one. The naval officers had a jubilee. The following day General Quitman introduced a bill authorizing the employment of a regiment of mounted volunteers for the protection of the frontier of Texas.

### Foreign.

The steamship New York, from Greenock February 14, arrived at New York on Friday, March 6. The London *Advertiser's* Paris correspondent writes that Allsop, the English confederate of the attempted assassination of Louis Napoleon, was in Paris very recently, and was frightened away by the menaces of his confederates, who threatened to take his life, because he expressed doubts respecting the success of the dreadful enterprise. He has without doubt escaped to America. It is said that Schamyl has again given in his submission to Russia. The *Times*, *News* and *Herald* support the India bill. The *Times* is glad to pass Mr. Roebuck off against the vaporing French colonels. The *Journal de Frankfort* states that the commercial crisis in St. Petersburg caused several failures, with liabilities ranging from 50,000 to 200,000 silver roubles. Steiglitz & Co. are reported to have lost largely, and by way of compensation it is said the Emperor has permitted them to export one million gold imperials, the ten per cent. export duty being suspended in their favor. It seems probable that these particulars involved great exaggeration. No more addresses from the army are to be published in the *Moniteur*, or any other paper published in France. Cardinal Fieschi died at Rome on the 6th ult. His death makes the number of vacant hats in the Sacred College eleven. The Russian Government, it is announced, will not lessen its naval force in the Black Sea; her neutrality, therefore, will now only exist in name.

POSTSCRIPT.—The Cunard steamer Europa, from Liverpool, brought one week's later news. The Conspiracy Bill introduced into the British Parliament by Lord Palmerston, after a spirited debate, was defeated. Capt. Dunham, of the bark Adriatic, who a second time escaped from the French authorities, has sold his ship to a Prussian firm, and is now probably in England. The Emperor of China, by a recent proclamation, virtually declares war against Russia, for encroaching on her northern frontier. The rebels in India have been defeated in several engagements near Lucknow; a report is again in circulation that Nana Sahib has been captured—probably not true.

### Something Inconsistent.

Our papers, secular and religious, are filled with the details of the religious revival which, it is said, prevails throughout the city; at the same time, the records of crime were never before so startling as now in all that is dreadful and revolting in human nature—among the most common crimes perpetrated, we find rape and mutilating the human body. Certainly in this great city extremes meet.

### FOREIGN GOSSIP.

#### Amusements of the Beau Monde of Paris.

THE beau monde seems resolved to make amends for the repose of the Tuilleries by plunging into gaiety with headlong enthusiasm, and private theatricals, balls and concerts succeed each other with unheard-of rapidity. The *Fetes* of the Faubourg St. Germain are all upon the grandest scale, and the first artists are engaged to take part in the comedies and operas de salon, which the first authors think is no degradation to compose for the occasion.

This novel mode of obtaining success has already been the saving of many a young author and composer, the facility thus presented of making their works known having smoothed the way to acceptance of their pieces by managers of theatres and concerts. The great objection of these *fetes* is the enormous expense entailed by the necessity of procuring appropriate decorations, a stage, side scenes, &c., but the pleasure is much greater, and so much more universal than a ball, that the additional expense is scarcely regretted. The daughter of Queen Christina, married to the young Prince Cortsyass, is prime leader of these theatricals of the fashionable world, and displays most admirable talent in *roles* of sentiment and delicacy. Tall and commanding in figure, with a face full of fire and expression, the Princess is admirably adapted for the development of all that is tender and sentimental in the life of woman, and has the greatest success of *larmes* in the various pieces in which she performs.

The Chaussee d'Antin is also all astir with a resolute determination of amusement. In that financial quarter pleasure is judged by weight, and depends upon the riches displayed in its pursuit. Thus, we hear of a certain lady, wife of one of the most successful financiers, who gave, on Thursday, to her friends, an entertainment in a grasper, where the luscious fruit, literally growing and glowing by artificial means, hung in rich clusters, to tempt the willing hand of the fair guests assembled there. The ball-room, detached from the house, had been prepared thus for many months, and the vines tended with the utmost care ever since last spring, in order to secure their full perfection at this moment. The walls had been so artistically disposed with transparencies, so wonderfully lighted, that the whole scene represented a veritable Arabian Nights, with the glowing sunset of southern climes; and through the Moorish tracery of the arches might be seen the glowing country which lies around the city. It is said that many of the fair visitors were so surprised on first entering this magic scene, that they were completely overcome with emotion. The beautiful Spanish costume adopted by the hostess and her daughters added immensely to the charm of the illusion.

Then we have an indefinite number of minor *fetes* to record, which in former days would have been considered first-rate of their kind. That given by Bonnard, of the Banque d'Exchange, to inaugurate his taking possession of the hotel of one of the hereditary families of France, whose proprietors retire to a small and unpretending apartment, was the thing, musically considered, of the season. The violin of Alard and the voice of Mlle. Duprez charmed the ear at this *fete*, but the heavy beams which cross the ceiling in order to inframe the beautiful paintings there beheld, did not charm the eye, and gave rise to the most biting criticisms. As it is a new experiment, performed by the first artists in Paris, the disapprobation expressed will, perhaps, prevent the fashion from spreading further. Beams of half a foot in thickness, imitating as nearly as possible solid gold, and intersecting the ceiling in every direction for the purpose of inclosing pictures, whose size and subjects are various, is a bold idea, perhaps, but not a successful one.

Madame Feriere Titie has also charmed the world by the entertainment given at her magnificent residence. A comedy by M. Ballande was played by amateurs, then an opera, written and composed by the fair hostess herself, was represented, both with immense success. The opera was played by first-rate artists, and excited the greatest surprise by the force and imagination displayed in its composition.

#### The Spiritualist German Baron invokes the Spirits of the Dead Monarchs of France in the Tombs of St. Denis.

The dethroner of Hume, the German Baron, has begun his pranks with greater success than his predecessor. His expedition to the tombs of St. Denis has caused an immense sensation; although, to those present on the occasion, the sort of au'-you-like success which invariably attends experiments of the nature, and which the imagination of the beholder immediately magnifies into reality, did not warrant the wonder and admiration expressed in the journals. The experiment took place at dead of night, and the solemnity of the scene was augmented by the silence which was enjoined to all present. The persons present were about twenty-five in number, all of them of the highest character, whether in the arts or the literature of Paris. The Baron had undertaken to evoke the spirits of any of the dead monarchs sleeping there within those marble tombs. Each visitor was provided with paper and pencil, so that each one might prepare the question uppermost in his mind, and address it to any departed soul he pleased. These papers, when duly written with words which none but the writer knew, were given folded into the hand of the medium, who

placed them at the foot of the tomb containing the remains of him or her to whom they were addressed.

The medium, a girl of fourteen, endowed with extraordinary powers, then retired to the furthest end of the vault, and, kneeling on the cold stones, began to pray with the utmost fervor. After a while a rushing sound was heard throughout the vault, and an involuntary shudder ran through the veins of these unholy disturbers of the dead. Again all was silent for a few moments, when the medium arose and proceeded to search beneath the stones where the papers had been deposited. Each of these being marked with a sign by the writer, was easily recognised. Success, however, and that only partial, was obtained but in one single instance. The beginning of a sentence was distinctly scrawled upon the blank paper which Madame C—, a lady well-known in literature, had placed beneath the monument of Francis II. The words "Saint Come" was perfectly written, but there it would have seemed as if the pencil had dropped from the writer's hand, and there had stopped! On some a fantastical figure, as if in attempt at writing, was visible, while, for the most part, the paper remained as blank as it was before. So ended the great experiment which was to have decided the question of whether earth has power over immortality. In one instance mentioned, the lady, Madame C—, owns to believing the words written to have been produced by some species of magnetism, as she was thinking all the while of an anecdote in the life of Mary Queen of Scots, wherein her husband, Francis II., is said to have invoked Saint Come with good effect.

#### Mosaic Items.

The furniture just completed for the Pasha of Egypt has been the wonder of Paris for the last few days. The framework of the sofas and chairs is white and gold, painted in wreaths of flowers, not by ordinary workmen, but by the very first artists of Paris. The *fauvels*, four in number, have each cost the sum of fifteen thousand francs. People, however, who remember the dimensions of the peculiar figure of Said Pasha, do not think this price too dear. The furniture is covered in flowered satin of the richest texture, and edged with solid ballion fringe of twelve inches in width.

The charming singer, Madame Damoreau, is, we hear, in a very dangerous state, from a disease called by the French doctors the *grouilliere*—a swelling of the vein beneath the tongue, which begins by preventing speech, and ends by invading the whole of the inside of the mouth, thereby precluding the possibility of swallowing.

The scarcity of Americans present at Lady Cowley's ball, which attracted, of course various ill-natured remarks from the French journalists, was entirely owing to the order, emanating at the eleventh hour, for all gentlemen to appear in full court dress, knee-breeches, and court collar. The Americans have always resisted this injunction, and, in this case, preferred abstaining altogether from making their appearance. One Yankee wit answered the summons by declaring that "Never having possessed but one of those unmentionable garments, which his wife had seized upon the very day of his marriage, and had worn ever since, he had not dared ask her for the loan upon this occasion."

It is said that the Italian Princess, implicated by Orsini's papers in the conspiracy, poisoned herself even while the police were occupied in searching her desk.

Odier, the banker, father-in-law of the late General Cavaignac, has died remarkably suddenly from the effect of news from America.

A curious illustration of Turkish taste has awakened great merriment in Paris. It appears that one of the Turkish gentlemen belonging to the Embassy, having been to the opera on his first arrival, wrote home to his father so florid a description of the dancing, with the heavenly appearance of the dancers in their shak petticoats and *maillots*, that the old gentleman has insisted upon dressing the ladies of his harem exactly according to the description given by his son. The latter has been busily employed in despatching to Constantinople all kinds of opera furbelows, tinsel ornaments, and, above all, a numberless quantity of silk pink *maillots*, the like of which was never beheld in Turkey. The whole *personnel* of the ballet of "Orfa" will thus find representatives on the banks of the Bosphorus.

Rachel has bequeathed to the Emperor of the French her beautiful marble bust of the First Consul, and her own bust to Prince Napoleon, who, it is stated in private circles, has legally recognised one of her sons.

The novel spectacle of camel and dromedary racing will be provided for the Parisians this coming spring.

At M. Mignet's, jeweller, in the Passage Jouffroy, are being exhibited the articles made to order for the Sultan. Among these are a headpiece of roses and lilies in diamonds; four bouquets of pinks and narcissi, the natural size, in rubies and brilliants; twelve cups in massive gold set with diamond flowers; a magnificent gold service of plate; a full-length mirror, with a solid silver frame; and an infinity of other objects equally costly and splendid.

According to a general survey lately made of all the old castles and country seats now existing in France, there are 20,312; of which 311 are of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, 894 of the fourteenth and fifteenth, and 3,114 of the sixteenth. The others are of a later date. More than 2,500 of them have drawbridges, turrets and crenelated battlements.

— The late "cold term" has been so well improved, that 200,000 tons are now stored in the ice-houses of the New York and Knickerbocker Ice Companies.

— The new United States revenue steam-cutter Harriet Lane has made her trial trip down the bay; she goes well, and makes a splendid appearance.

— Thomas D'Arcy McGee, formerly editor of the *American Celt*, but now a member of the C. W. Provincial Parliament, from Montreal, made his first speech on the opposition side on the evening of March 3d.

— A large whale has been captured at Southampton, L. I., and competent judges say it will produce forty barrels of oil.

— Orders will soon be issued from Washington, detailing additional troops for the army of Utah, when it is expected that the campaign will be commenced and prosecuted with all the energy and perseverance that can be devised.

— Mr. Everett's charity lecture in Richmond, last week, netted the sum of \$374.

— The Philadelphia press are down on Charles Mackay, for writing home to his paper a disparaging account of their city, calling it a mean place, and the dullest town in the universe. They say his recent course of lectures there was a failure, and hence his ill-natured retort upon the town.

— The sloop-of-war Vandalia, from Portsmouth, N. H., for the Pacific, is said to have made the run to Rio Janeiro in thirty-one days four hours, from anchorage to anchorage, the shortest voyage ever made between the two ports.

— M. Felix Foresti is soon to sail for Genoa, to which port he was appointed United States Consul during Gen. Pierce's administration, but the Sardinian Government then refused to grant an exequatur. The opposition, however, is now withdrawn.

— At Saratoville, Cal., there is a tunnel six hundred feet long, which cost \$24,000. In one place it runs through granite, and cost there \$300 per foot.

— Several clergymen in Ohio have recently resigned their charges, for the purpose of emigrating to Kansas.

— Two tons of medicine and half a ton of percussion caps lately arrived in Cincinnati, and were forwarded to the army quartermaster, to be immediately dispatched to Utah Territory, for the army. This looks like work.

— It is said that "The Queen of the Red Chessmen," in a late number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, was written by Miss Hale, a daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Hale, of the Boston *Advertiser*.

— Ex-Mayor Hall, of Brooklyn, has been put in possession of the beautiful dwelling purchased for him by his friends, as a testimonial of their approbation of his conduct during the prevalence of the yellow fever in 1856.

— An old "Elizabeth shilling," bearing date 1501, was passed at a store in Hartford, a few days since, by an Irish girl.

— The United States sloop-of-war Dale, Com. McBlair, sailed from St. Helena, Jan. 5, for the coast of Africa.

— In Philadelphia, it would seem, that the manufacture and sale of bogus c has become a perfectly legitimate pursuit. A placard on Second street, i that city, reads, "Good imitation of gold coin—always keep its color; for sale cheap!"

— A German nobleman, Count Hahn Neuhaus, has renounced Lutheranism, and made his profession of Catholic faith in the hands of the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg.

— Rev. Dr. Haight, of Trinity Church, in this city, has sailed for Havana, with his wife and family, in hopes to recruit his health.

— The United States sloop-of-war Decatur, Capt. Thatcher, was at Panama on the 19th of February. Crew all well.

— An expedition is about starting from Arkansas to Albuquerque, New Mexico. Dr. Shunard, the geologist and physician, who accompanied Captain Marcy in his explorations, will head the party.

— The Virginian Historical Society has just received a fair copy of all the letters or papers left by Patrick Henry at his death, in the name of his youngest child, John Henry, of Red Hill, Va.

— The remains of Captain Harding, of the unfortunate John Milton, have been recovered, identified and brought to this city.

— The steamboat Eliza Battle was burned near Demopolis, Ala., on Monday morning, March 1st. Thirty-nine lives were lost, and twelve hundred bales of cotton destroyed. Among the lost was the Rev. Mr. Newman, of Louisville, Kentucky.

— A vast administration mass-meeting took place at Tammany Hall, on the evening of March 4th, at which the enthusiasm was very great.

— Right Rev. Bishop Potter lately confirmed seventy-two persons at St. Thomas' Church, on Broadway.



— Since January 1st, the importation of foreign goods at the port of Boston has fallen off more than fifty per cent. The imports last year averaged more than one million dollars each week; thus far, during '58, they have been only \$458,000 per week.

— A lad who ran away from his mother in Cleveland, Ohio, nine years ago, has just turned up in California, the owner of a valuable rancho, near Humboldt.

— Between sixty and seventy young women were recently sent West by the Women's Protective Emigration Society, under the care of their Corresponding Secretary, and accompanied by Mr. Vere Foster.

— The U. S. Supreme Court has lately decided that Mr. Thomas Green, of Washington, and owner of the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs, is entitled to a tract of land in Texas, numbering 93,000 acres, and valued at more than \$2,000,000.

— Commodore M. C. Perry died during the past week, at his residence in West Thirty-second street, in this city, aged sixty-three years.

— The Louisiana House of Representatives has passed a bill authorizing a company which is already organized to import twenty-five hundred free blacks from the African coast, to be indentured for a term of not less than fifteen years.

— At a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, last week, at the residence of Hon. R. C. Winthrop, the host read a humorous unpublished paper by President Madison, on the Slavery question. Its title was "John Bull and Mary Bull—by James Madison"—an indited manuscript.

— The planters of Leake co., Miss., have adopted measures for the organization of an agricultural association, on a permanent foundation.

— Henry A. Washington, late Professor of History in William and Mary College, Virginia, was recently accidentally killed by an air-gun, at his residence in Washington city.

— The British Government have presented, through Lord Napier, a fine telescope to Captain Knowles, of the ship Cunituck, of Norfolk, Va., for his services in rescuing the crew of the sinking steamer Flora, of Jersey, in November last.

## GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

### Our Spring Costumes.

THE Broadway windows are radiant with spring styles and fashions, and we ladies are beginning to look with a disgust on the silks and satins where, with we have departed ourselves on the most frequented promenades during the winter. They may be very well in their way, but something lighter and more suitable to the season will now usurp their places.

We have bidden adieu to the deep, rich tints of winter, and only light and delicate colors will now be worn in the *salon* and opera-box—colors that remind one of the purple plumes of the lilac, the subdued gold and rose tint of the hyacinth, and the fairy hues of wild violets, anemones and spring crocuses. Prominent among the favorite colors are an exquisite fawn and a vivid sea-green. Brocaded with white or pink their effect is superb beyond description.

The new Parisian tint bids fair to become a favorite in society. It is a rich shade of amber—a combination of gold color and maize, to whose delicacy and beauty even the most fastidious cannot take exception.

To those of our fair readers who are about to indulge in new evening dresses, we would say, follow the example of the faultless Empress Eugenie, and have the skirt made comparatively short in front, just so as to display your charming little feet. A dress made in this manner, which has found high favor in fashionable circles, was of pink silk, figured in festoons of pure white roses. The accompanying shoes were of pink moiré antique, whose rosettes of rose-colored ribbons were clasped by the deep red glow of a ruby, and pink silk hose completed this exquisite dress.

Satin robes covered with tulle are beginning to be much worn, and those lovely daughters of the *beau monde* who have round dimpled arms, white as the sea foam, and perfect as a sculptor's dream, have made a bold move and dispensed altogether with sleeves, in full evening dress—a delicate puffing of lace or gauze, with sprays of flowers, or long streamers of ribbon supplying their place. But all vinegar-faced, elderly damsels, and *passée* virgins, with sharp elbows and saffron-tinted skins, must beware how they emulate this dangerous though fascinating example. It won't do for *everybody*.

Chenille still continues fashionable for head-dresses. Waxed beads, worn in imitation of pearls, however, are more common still, and we are of opinion that no prettier *coiffure* could be selected to harmonize with the radiant complexion and delicate bloom of our American beauties.

Several most exquisite sets of collars and undersleeves, made after the identical design of "Mrs. Frederic William's" wedding-dress, have been manufactured in the United States. They are of Honiton lace, and present a very pretty interweaving of the rose, shamrock and thistle.

### How we are Deceived.

It's very possible that when our lovely readers see a *love* of a point-lace collar, or a saphire-like organdie down town, and rush frantically home to ask their husbands for the "necessary needful" wherewith to pay for it, the brutes may look at them like the essential oil of deadly nightshade, and growl out dark hints concerning "rubbish extravagance" and "hard times."

But don't believe it, ladies. It's the grossest humbug that ever kept new bonnets out of our handboxes and diamond parures from our dressing-cases! Don't we all know that hard times are over long ago? Are we not perfectly aware that this war-cry is only set up on the occasion of our ordering a new dress, or issuing cards for a little *soirée*? Wonder where "hard times" were when your husband bought those diamond shirt-studs and indulged in that obstreperous Turkish satin dressing-gown? Wonder if the funds didn't fall on the day he came out in a suit of glistening broadcloth, and a gold-headed cane? Hard times, indeed! Yes, we understand that matter perfectly!

### The Enemy takes Possession of our Outposts.

Well, upon our word! we wouldn't have believed it if our own eyes hadn't seen it on Broadway, walking about. A genuine pair of English "peg-top trousers"—and not one alone, but several! Not that we would interfere with the sovereign right of the other sex to wear what they please, but we have heard it darkly rumored, and now are confirmed in the melancholy certainty, that it is nothing short of *hoops* that produces such a balloon-like expansion of these horrid garments, and gives them such a graceful taper towards the ankle! Is this to be tolerated in a civilized country? The gentlemen, not contented with boldly usurping our shawls, imitating our furs, and making vain and useless attempts otherwise to rival our general grace and attractions of dress, have actually made their appearance in our very *hoops*! The wretches needn't attempt to deny it; don't we ladies know? Really, this is pretty conduct! After ridiculing us in every possible manner, and making game of our most beloved articles of dress, they veer round, like the gilt Shanghai above the St. Nicholas in a high gale, and insult our common sense by coming out in *hoops* themselves!

Couldn't we accommodate them with a Balmoral skirt? Wouldn't they like one of the pink velvet bonnets so fashionable now? Would they prefer a French or a Chantilly lace veil? And would any young gentleman like to borrow our poodle?

P. S.—Do they wear steel or rattan springs? Or do they prefer Douglas & Sherwood's new *extensions*?

### Wedding in High Life, and Brilliant Bridal Reception.

The magnificent saloons of the Metropolitan Hotel were lighted up a few evenings ago in honor of one of the loveliest young brides and happy bridegrooms that ever passed beneath the flowery gates of Hymen. The gentleman was Mr. Schepher, of California; the bride, Miss Mary Turnbull, of this city. All the splendid suite of rooms on the first floor were thrown into one vast reception series for the occasion. The company, consisting of one hundred guests, was extremely select, and many of the ladies, whose presence gives grace and charm to the hotel, were among the invited. This re-union took place the evening before the departure of the last California steamer, in which the happy couple left on the following morning.

The bride appeared to exquisite advantage in a superb robe of white moiré antique, trimmed with the most magnificent lace, while the diamonds that she wore were computed by the curious to be worth thousands of dollars.

Everything was conducted with the tact and propriety in which mine hosts of the Metropolitan excel so highly, and few entertainments of the season can vie with this in splendor. The supper-table was like a glimpse of fairy-land, with its glittering plate, perfumed flowers, and temples of snowy confectionery; but self-land is a region of unreal shadows, whereas good judges pronounced the Messrs. Leland's table to be substantial and satisfactory in the highest degree. The minutes passed away like seconds, and it was not until a late hour that the guests separated.

### Another Wedding.

As all the ladies are interested in the records of "marrying and giving in marriage," it may not be inappropriate here to chronicle a fashionable wedding which took place on the 3d inst., at Calvary church, between Lieutenant Richard Irving Dodge, U. S. A., and Miss Julia Rhinelander, niece of Commodore Paulding. The bridegroom was in full uniform, as were three brother officers who attended as bridesmen, and the fair bride, in a superb white silk, with heavy lace veil, presented a very charming appearance. Her three lovely bridesmaids were attired in pink. A brilliant reception followed the wedding.

### A Chance for the Ladies.

"It is said that the nephew of the Emperor of Japan, with a brilliant suite of military and scientific officers, is about to make a tour of Europe and the United States."

Do you hear that, you dear little, ambitious Yankee damsels? The nephew of the Emperor of Japan! Only think of it! It isn't possible that the man can

come among a race of womankind like yourselves without surrendering at discretion. Lay your jewelled nets, and his Imperial Highness will dart into them just like a plump young gold fish.

Who'll enter the lists to be niece to the Emperor of Japan? Wouldn't it be delightful to light the old Emperor's pipe for him, and arrange his solitary tuft of hair, and occasionally give him a kiss, just to keep the old heathen in good humor, so that he might once in a while bestow a snug little island or half-a-dozen cities on one's husband?

Of course you'll have to blacken your teeth, paint your face, and pluck out your eyebrows, else you'll be out of fashion in Yeddo, and that, you know, would be awful! But what could be easier than to establish a neat little court, and lead the whole dominion of Japan (Emperor included) by the nose? There isn't a woman in America but what could manage it—nothing to do but set the fashions, ride in a triumphal car, eat bananas, and hold out your toe to be kissed! It's worth the trial. What do you say, girls?

### Lady Politicians.

It is well known that the ladies do up more than half the legislating at Washington. Some of them are the prettiest little lobby members imaginable, and we wouldn't give a fig for the Congressman who has the bad taste or hard-heartedness not to yield every opinion he has ever professed when a lovely woman is looking up into his face and instructing him in politics. Of course it's to be understood that the eyes are of a very bright blue or soft hazel, and that cherry lips and dimpled cheeks are "thrown in." If the President knew what he was about he would bribe all the pretty girls of Washington with diamond crosses, pearl necklaces, and bouquets from his niece's pet conservatory, to espouse his cause, and coax the obdurate members. The *Mistresspinner* gives the following pointed instance of the influence possessed by the fair sex in the metropolis:

"It is well known in social circles here (Washington) that the defeat of the Committee of Thirteen, on the Kansas bill, which the Administration lost by one vote, is attributable to a lady, daughter of one of our Cabinet ministers. One of her victims, a prominent but doubtful member from the North, who is sighing himself into premature wrinkles and ugliness, conceiving, on the evening before the vote was taken, that Miss ——— evinced a preference for a rival member, would have his revenge by voting against the Administration; the result was, the bill was lost! (A word in your ear!) That member's fate is sealed, for we saw Miss ——— an hour ago, and had she swallowed all the pickles of her father's last state dinner, her feelings could not have been more acclimated against him for his recreancy!"

### The Bachelors of Brooklyn.

The "Merry Bachelors" of Brooklyn held their nineteenth *conversations* last week; it was attended by all the beauty and *élite* of the city. The supper was superb, and the dancing was kept up until far into the "wee sma' hours aye the twal!" We have great sympathy for merry bachelors, as they form excellent material to work into docile and well-behaved Benedictines. It is the best use they can be put to, and we presume the Brooklyn ladies will lose no time in settling about this important duty. Bachelors are and blots on humanity in any event, but a "merry bachelor" is infinitely better than a sour, savage, grumbling specimen of the race! So look to it, ladies!

### PERSONAL.

DR. J. C. AYERS, OF LOWELL, MASS.—Last week, while we were in Lowell making an interesting tour of the factories, we enjoyed, for a brief period, the hospitality of Dr. J. C. Ayers, tendered to us with that whole-hearted liberality which has induced the doctor to purchase and fit up as a mansion a building which was originally an hotel; no ordinary mansion being large enough to accommodate the host of friends the doctor attracts around him and entertains with pleasure. The doctor is an unpretending, modest and genial man, but he is also a man of science and a man of business, with perseverance, tact and enterprise that can hardly be excelled. We took the opportunity of the doctor's presence to visit his factory. It is a compact affair, and can only be visited by outside barbarians by special favor. Millions of pills tempted us to taste—but we resisted; myriads of bottles of Cherry Pectoral wooed us to drink and defy consumption, but feeling strong in our innocence and robust in our health we refrained. A barrel of pills per day are confined in minute boxes, ready for distribution all over the world. Cherry Pectoral, in huge butts ranged round the room, is drawn off in bottles, which are passed into other hands, and come out in a few minutes corked, labelled, sealed and ready for packing.

This enormous business Dr. Ayer has built up, first through his won, dard advertising system, and secondly through the excellence of his medicines, which do not fall short of anything that is claimed for them. He expends in advertising over sixty thousand dollars per annum; six clerks are employed solely in registering and checking that department, while six other clerks are constantly employed in travelling through the States on the same business. His books show regular yearly accounts with over two thousand newspapers, and he is probably better posted than any other man as to the circulation, standing, &c., of the press of the country.

Dr. Ayer, like every sensible and enterprising man, has determined to make New York the centre of his business. He is now searching for a plot of ground in New York upon which to build a splendid factory, and we shall soon have to add another self-made man to the list of the millionaires of New York city.

### MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—The "Huguenots," by Meyerbeer, was produced by Mr. Ullman, last Monday evening, in a style of grandeur never yet attempted in America. The costumes were of the richest and most costly description; the scenery was very beautiful, and the appointments rich, elaborate and in admirable taste. There was a numerous *corps de ballet*, and no end to superlatives. The orchestra was brought up to the right point of effectiveness, and was, under the careful direction of Mr. Anschutz, the most thoroughly excellent operatic orchestra that we have yet had at the Academy. In most respects the performance was of a high character of excellence. Madame D'Angri, as the page, made a brilliant part out of a very trifling one, singing gloriously, acting spiritedly, and looking charming enough to fall in love with. La Grange and Formes were superb throughout; their grand duet in the third act was a positive triumph, and received the honor of an enthusiastic encore. Tiberini, although suffering from hoarseness, sang like the true artist that he is, and deserved the commendation of all just critics. The other artists concerned acquitted themselves well, and the chorus was powerful and effective. On the whole the production of "Les Huguenots," by Mr. Ullman, is a great and a deserved success.

MAX MARETSZK IN TOWN.—We learn that the indomitable Max Maretsek is in town, and that he has invested \$400,000 (a moiety of what he cleared in Havana) in Erie Railroad bonds. There can be no doubt that Max made a heap of money in Havana, but we think the above statement a little exaggerated. Are we to hear from him in the operatic line, Mr. Maretsek? and where did you leave Maurice Strakosch?

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—The third Philharmonic concert of the season was given at the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening last. The attendance was the largest of the present season. The programme consisted of a symphony by Ferdinand Heller, the "Coriolanus" overture by Beethoven, and the "Faust" overture by Lindpaintner. Mr. Wm. Mason played the second and third movements of Henselt's concerto, Mr. Kiefer a clarionette solo, and the vocal entertainment was furnished by Madame d'Angri, who was encored in both pieces. It was a good concert. A symphony of higher merit might have been selected. We are opposed to experimenting at this society; its concerts are too few to waste one quarter of its season upon a second-rate work. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Theo. Eiseld, did its work with admirable spirit, and left us but little to desire. Mr. Wm. Mason played his solo finely, and Mr. Kiefer displayed his usual perfection. The symphony for the next concert is Mendelssohn's, in A Minor.

### DRAMA.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—The beautiful drama of the "Green Bushes" has attracted crowded houses on each time of its representation, and the fine and sterling comedies which are so admirably performed at this establishment give the highest satisfaction to delighted audiences. We are glad to find that there are still sufficient of our people to support liberally a management which relies upon the sterling excellence of the entertainments offered, and not upon the merest claptrap of the day. A visit to Laura Keene's Theatre will insure a few hours of real and rational enjoyment.

WOOD'S BUILDING.—"Wello, the Sensible Monkey" has delighted the numerous visitors at George Christy and Wood's Minstrels for many nights. It is an admirable piece, and is very finely acted. There is any amount of fun at this house. One is always sure to come away merry, and to wish to again.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The little Cordelia Howard and the versatile and charming Mrs. Charles Howard have kept up quite an excitement at the Museum during the past week. There is always an attractive selection of performances in the lecture-room, afternoon and evening, and the beautiful and interesting aquarium and a thousand other things of curiosity and interest to be examined and enjoyed.

### NEW MUSIC.

QUADRILLES—LES LANCERS. A-LA-MODE DE PARIS. Now Danced at the Academies of ALLEN DODSWORTH, Esq. Forty-second Edition. New York: Published by H. B. Dodsworth, 493 Broadway.

The figures described in this edition are precisely as danced at Paris by M. Renouvy and pupils, by M. Boizot and pupils, by M. Cellarius and pupils at Dieppe, and by the higher circles of England, according to the assurance of M. Coulon, whose authority cannot be disputed. Mr. Allen Dodsworth was in

France during "Les Lancers" rage, and is fully posted up in the old dance made young again by fashion. How much the "Lancers" are the rage here may be imagined from the fact that "Les Lancers: Quadrilles," published by H. B. Dodsworth, has run through forty-two editions. This will be a little fortune to the publisher.

We have also received from H. B. Dodsworth, 493 Broadway, the following new music, published by him: "Caprice Sentimentale," pour le pianoforte, composé par W. Henry Palmer (Robert Heller); "Etude de Bravura, Morceau de Salon," pour le piano, composé par W. Henry Palmer (Robert Heller). These pieces we commend to the notice of professors and to first-class amateurs; they will be found worthy of consideration. We have also received from the same publisher "My Mary Ann Quadrilles," by F. B. Helma-muller; "The Alexander Polka-Mazourka," by Charles Rehm, with a beautiful lithographed title page by D'Avignon; "Fannie Versoviana," by Harvey B. Dodsworth; "Warren Quick Step," by Harvey B. Dodsworth; "The Marksman's Polka," by Charles Rehm; "Tentonia Polka," by J. Freising, all of which is capital dance music, spirited and popular. Also, "We are Growing Old," a pretty song by Henry Molten, and dedicated to the officers and members of the Light Guard.

LES LANCERS—A-LA-MODE DE PARIS. With a correct description of the figures as taught by Edward Ferraro. Wm. Hall & Son, 239 Broadway.

This is another edition of the now universally popular quadrilles, "Les Lancers." It is of course equally correct, differing only in the manner of teaching it in the various fashionable schools.

### CHESS.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

627—We sincerely hope to be able to answer all our correspondents in our next.

628—WANT of space and a press of other matter have prevented us from publishing our review of

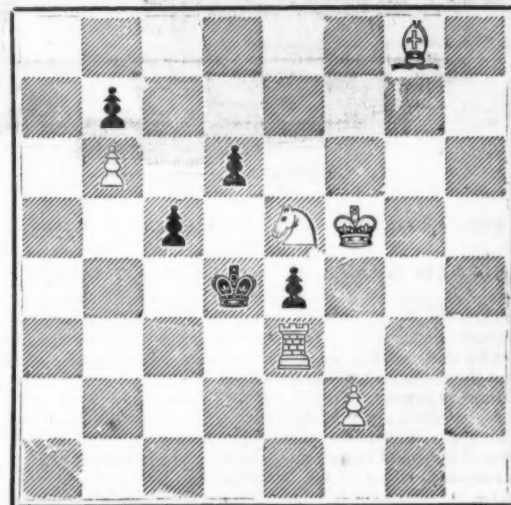
#### THE CHESS MONTHLY FOR 1858.

The January and February numbers of this excellent magazine are before us. They contain some of Mr. Paul Morphy's finest games, with notes by himself; an original analysis, contributed by Löwenthal, of London; the close of Professor Allen's learned Life of Philidor; original games, by Harwitz, of Paris; and many literary articles from the pen of Mr. Fiske. This American magazine is excelled by no foreign Chess periodical.

629—We are indebted to our old friend, J. D., of Portland, for the following:

CHESS TOURNAMENT IN BOSTON.—The Boston Chess Club has established a tournament for an elegantly-framed photograph of the Chess players of the country. Sixteen entries have been made, and the players have been paired by lot, as follows: 1. Wm. H. Kent, Boston, vs. John Schouler, West Cambridge; 2. C. F. Howard vs. F. J. Keyes; 3. John F. Currier, Boston, vs. Ammi Willard, Boston; 4. Horace Richardson, Boston, vs. Lester M. Clark, Boston; 5. James W. Stone, Boston, vs. J. Randolph Coolidge, Boston; 6. Edwin J. Weller, Boston, vs. Lyman E. Weston, Boston; 7. John D. Baldwin, Charlestown, vs. Henry N. Stone, Boston; 8. William Everett, Boston, vs. George Allen, Boston. The playing has just commenced, and Mr. Schouler has scored one game against Mr. Kent. Some of the players will give odds, but the majority will play even.

PROBLEM CXVII.—By J. D., of Portland, Me. White to play and mate in five moves.



GAME CXVI.—(THE TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.)—A lively *partie* lately played between two amateurs, both of the Boston Chess Club.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. C. F. H.	Mr. —	Mr. C. F. H.	Mr. —
1 P to K4	P to K4	15 Q to Kt5	K to B3
2 K Kt to B3	Q Kt to B3	16 K B to Kt5	Q B to B
3 K B to B4	K Kt to B3	17 Q to B (ch)	K to B4
4 K Kt to Kt5	P to Q4	18 Castles K R (ch)	K to Kt3
5 P to Kt3	K Kt to P (a)	19 Q to K6 (ch)	P to Kt3
6 Kt to Kt3	K Kt to Kt3	20 B to B (ch)	P to Kt3
7 Q to Kt3 (ch)	K to his 3 (c)	21 Q to Kt3 (ch)	K to R4
8 Q Kt to B3	Q Kt to Kt2 (d)	22 P to Kt3 (ch)	K Kt to P
9 P to Q4	P to Q3	23 P to Kt3 (ch)	K Kt to P
10 Q to K4 (c)	Q to Q3	24 Q to Kt3 (ch)	K to Kt5
11 P to Kt4	P to Q Kt4	25 K to R2	Q Kt to P
12 B P to Kt3	Q to her Kt5	26 R to Kt3 (sq)	Q Kt to R (ch)
13 B to Q Kt3 (f)	Q to Kt2	27 K Kt to Q and Black resigns.	
14 Q B to Kt5	P to Q B4		

#### NOTES TO GAME CXVI., BY THE EDITOR.

(a) We have alluded heretofore to 5—Kt to Q R4, being the move now in vogue for Black at this juncture; the play here adopted is, perhaps, the weakest on the board. A good player, having the attack and "well up in the openings," can often venture upon the sacrifice of his King's Kt with success.

(b) This is the move spoken of above.

(c) Apparently his best move to preserve the Kt.

(d) Should Black play here Kt to Q Kt5, the following variation would probably be the result:

8 —	Q Kt to Kt5
9 Q to K4	Q B P one
10 P to Q4	

If Black answers here with K B to Q3, White's reply should be P to Q R3, and afterwards to capture K Kt with Q Kt. Should Black, however, play

Q to Q3
P to Q Kt4
Q to Q2
P to B

14 Checkmates in a few moves.

(e) Not so sound as Q B to Kt5.

(f) Not only a weak move, but a palpable slip. He should have Castled, having a forced won game.

### A Russian Tragedy.

A Russian serf had the greatest wish to become a noble, but he saw no means of realizing his ambition, for the law of Russia was—"once a serf, always a serf." It is true that the serf may raise himself from his low position, and can live in the style of a great lord, but he cannot drive more than two horses in his carriage. This young serf, then, seeing all his efforts to rise to the position of a noble would be unavailing, determined to become a monk. Every monk had a cell to himself, in which cell his visitors were received. A short time after the young serf had entered the monastery, and whilst he was yet a novice, a Russian princess visited the monastery, was received by the young monk, and a warm attachment sprang up between them. The result was that the young man, who had not yet taken the vows, determined to leave the monastery, having first received the promise of the princess that she would marry him. Her friends, however, interfered and prevented the union, and the young man thus saw all his hopes of becoming a nobleman again frustrated. He, however, asked and obtained a parting interview, at which he again asked the princess to marry him, but she still refused; taking her by the hair, he then deliberately cut off her head. As a punishment for this dreadful crime, which occurred about five years ago, the Emperor Nicholas ordered the unhappy young man to be first put into an iron collar and carted round Moscow, and then sent to Siberia, where he never again saw the light of day.





MISS AGNES ROBERTSON, IN HER GREAT CHARACTER OF "JESSIE BROWN OF LUCKNOW." PHOT. BY GURNEY.

## THE NEW DRAMA AT WALLACK'S THEATRE.

It is our purpose from time to time to present to our readers some sketches of the principal tableaux in that magnificent series of dramatic pictures of the most stirring events of our time, which, drawn by the cunning hand of Dion Bourcicault, are being exhibited in succession at Wallack's Theatre. As an earnest of this intention we present, in our present number, the closing tableau in the great drama of "Jessie Brown, or the Relief of Lucknow," in which the Highlanders make their final charge, led on by the noble and lamented Havelock. Perhaps, as a picture, it has never been surpassed either on the American or European stage. Its effect on the thousands who nightly crowd Wallack's is electric. Accompanying it will be found photographs of Miss Agnes Robertson in that beautiful portraiture of the Scotch girl, the memory

Jessie was still raving, but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, "Courage! hark to the slogan—to the Macgregor, the grandest of them all! Here's help at last." To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked out began anew as the Colonel shook his head. Our dull Lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this deathlike suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line, "Will ye no believe it now? The slogan has ceased, indeed, but the Campbells are comin'. D'ye hear, d'ye hear?" At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the bagpipes of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, would come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the work of the Sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones, seeming to promise succor to their friends in need. Never

of which will long find a home in the hearts of all who behold it, and of Mr. Bourcicault, the author, as the terrible Nena Sahib.

The plot is founded on that well-known and beautiful episode in the Indian war:

"Death," wrote one of the beleaguered garrison, "stared us in the face. We were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially on that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, 'her father should return from the ploughing.' She at length fell into a profound slumber, motionless and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, 'Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin'; it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!' Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor



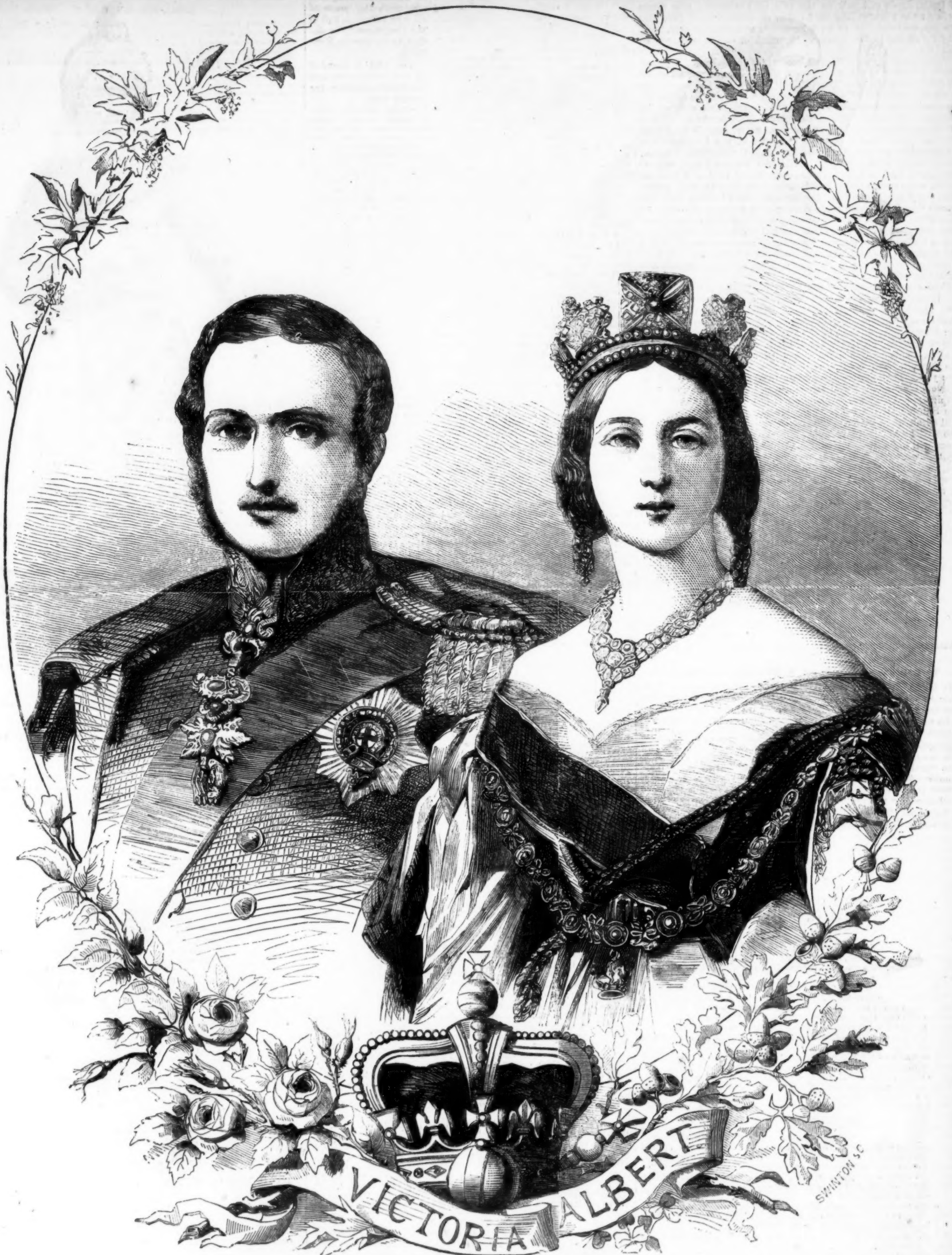
MR. DION BOURCAULT AS NENA SAHIB, IN HIS SUCCESSFUL DRAMA OF "JESSIE BROWN, OR THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW." PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY.

surely was such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the Residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from thousand lips a great shout of joy which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed bagpipe. To our cheer of 'God save the Queen!' they replied in the



CLOSING TABLEAU IN THE GREAT DRAMA OF "JESSIE BROWN, OR THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW," NOW PERFORMING AT WALLACK'S THEATRE. THE FINAL CHARGE OF THE HIGHLANDERS, LED ON BY THE GALLANT HAVELock.





FROM THE CELEBRATED PAINTING BY WINTERHALTER.

well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," &c. After that nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed."

Around this touching incident Mr. Bourcicault has wove a drama of most thrilling interest, picturing with beautiful fidelity European life in India previous to the late outbreak, and giving in a popular form a most useful and instructive picture of dress, habits and manners in the East.

Indeed there is a freshness about the opening of the play which at once rivets the attention of the audience. The scene is no longer laid in the hackneyed saloons of Paris or "the stately halls" of London. This play, by at once transferring us to the shores of the Ganges, and bringing us in the midst of scenes which are alive and stirring with interest at this hour, and exhibiting British sepoy and soldiers as they actually look on the spot of struggle, produces at once an agreeable and exciting effect. However, with every appreciation of the peculiar interest

awakened by Indian scenes and sepoy atrocities, we trace much of that huge enthusiasm on which this play is borne on to a nearer and less distant course. We all remember the acting of that great woman Rachel, whose departure has cast such a sadness on the world of art. Now, although Rachel and Agnes Robertson are as different as is a haughty sultana from a loving sister of charity, yet is there a certain affinity in the circumstances which commanded success in both. Rachel happened to have parts which permitted her to express passions that racked her own soul, and to manifest sensations which worked her own mind. In most of the loving Agnes' characters, more especially in that she pictures in this piece, there is a strong similarity between her own nature and that she represents.

All great acting is but individual nature directed by mimetic art. It is a keen knowledge of this fact that has enabled Mr. Bourcicault to create, or, at all events, increase the fame of his

beautiful and gentle wife, as well as that of nearly all the great actors on this and the other side of the Atlantic. From the moment Agnes Robertson comes upon the stage until the curtain falls, the impression grows upon the mind that if she had been placed at Lucknow in the position in which Jessie Brown is believed to have been placed, she would think, act and feel as she does. This impression increases as the play advances, until the stage effect steals into a reality that seizes on our sympathies with a grasp strong, although so gentle. Is it not so? Such is the power of individuality. Mr. Bourcicault might have written, as doubtless he could write, a thousand plays of more intrinsic merit without touching the heart of the audience. But he has hit upon a character which stands in close harmony with the person who enacts it. And thus will live this play; and may it be long as lives the gentle Agnes. Long after sepoy and brahmins have gone to their graves, and the war bugle is silent, upon the fields



of India, Jessie will tell us the tale of Lucknow. She comes before us as a bright Highland thing, so innocent and gay, that we become reconciled to hard Scotland, and love its cold, gray sky for having looked down on the birth of one so airy, yet so full of spirit.

Long dramatic analysis of character is of no use here. If placed before a million of different persons, of different nations, all would at once realize the same impression of Agnes. In her we feel the magnetic presence of a lovely and graceful being so intensely, that we forget the acting and the actress, and think only of the woman. Hence the effect of this play is most powerful. Yet is there something rollicking and piquant about Jessie's loveliness, and we think what a pleasant Daughter of the Regiment she would make, as Cassidy pictures her, amid the conflicts of battle, going about with her sweet smile and musical laugh, making even grim warriors believe there is something kind and good on earth, when such a being hovers around them with such joyous simplicity, loving and laughing life away, and looking as if she would snatch smiles from the darkest and dreariest of destinies. Yet there is all this time—you can plainly see it—a certain grave air about the sparkling nature of the girl which savors of the lady, and is tinged with a certain firmness. This gives not only charm but character to Jessie, and surrounds her whole appearance with a strange but pleasing mixture of unflinching self-possession and breathing grace.

About the character of the Nena Sahib personated by Mr. Bourcicault, there is a savage singleness and one-sidedness, and cold dearth of all human sensibility, which renders it little open to criticism. But by the rich picturesqueness of the costume, and the Eastern gorgeousness of the imagery of his style, Mr. Bourcicault relieves him somewhat of the horror he would otherwise inspire. This he does without bating one jot from the reality of the portrait. The terrible sepoy chief stands unmistakably before you. The heartlessness and guttural ferocity with which he delivers his sentences and struts across the stage, are not love-inspiring, but they are in perfect harmony with the character of the Sahib. Of the other admirable artists of this theatre, we will speak when better occasion comes. They were, one and all, good. The whole play, indeed, is one of those creations the stage will not willingly let die. Little matter whether the incident on which it is built is true or not. *Se non è vero è ben trovato*. Its success presents this moral, that the people of New York are ever ready to patronize the drama, when plays worthy of attention are produced.

## DAVENPORT DUNN:

### A MAN OF OUR DAY

By Charles Lever.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "JACK HINTON," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

Published exclusively in these columns, from advance sheets, simultaneously with its issue in London.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.—A MORNING AT OSTEND.

It would never have occurred to the mind of any one who saw Annesley Beecher and Davis, as they sat at breakfast together in Ostend, that such a scene as we have described could have occurred between them. Not only was their tone frank and friendly with each other, but a gay and lively spirit pervaded the conversation, and two seemingly more light-hearted fellows it were hard to find.

As the chemist is able by the minutest drop, an almost imperceptible atom of some subtle ingredient, to change the properties of some vast mass, altering color, and odor, and taste at once, so did the great artist Grog Davis know how to deal with the complicated nature of Beecher, that he could at any moment hurl him down into the blackest depths of despair, or elevate him to the highest pinnacle of hope and enjoyment. The glorious picture of a race-course, with all its attendant rogueries, betting-stands crammed with "flats," a ring crowded with "greenhorns," was a tableau of which he never wearied. Now, this was a sort of landscape Grog touched off neatly. All the figures he introduced were life studies, every tint, and shade, and effect taken carefully from nature. With a masterly hand, he sketched out a sort of future campaign, artfully throwing Beecher himself into the foreground, and making him fancy that he was in some sort necessary to the great events before them.

"Mumps did not touch his hock, I hope, when he kicked there?" asked Beecher.

"Call him Kleper—never forget that," remonstrated Grog; "he's remarkably like Mumps, that's all; but Mumps is in Staffordshire—one of the Pottery fellows has him."

"So he is," laughed Beecher, pleasantly. "I know the man that owns him."

"No you don't," broke in Davis; "you've only heard his name; it is Coulson, or Cotton, or something like that. One thing, however, is certain, he values him at twelve hundred pounds, and we'd sell our horse for eight."

"So we would, Grog, and be on the right side of the hedge too." "He'd be dog cheap for it," said Davis; "he's one of those lazy beggars that never wear out. I'd lay an even thousand on it that he runs this day two years as he does to-day, and even when he hasn't speed for a flat race he'll be a rare steeple-chase horse."

Beecher's eyes glistened, and he rubbed his hands with delight as he heard him.

"I do like an ugly horse," resumed Davis; "a heavy-shouldered beast, with lob-ears, lazy eyes and capped hocks, and if they know how to come out of a stable with a 'knuckle over' of the pastern, or a little bit lame, they're worth their weight in gold."

What a merry laugh was Beecher's as he listened.

"Blow me!" cried Grog, in a sort of enthusiasm, "if some horses don't seem born cheats—regular legs! They drag their feet along, all weary and tired; if you push them a bit, they shut up, or they answer the whip with a kind of shrug, as if to say, 'It ain't any use punishing me at all, the while they go plodding in, at the tail of the others, till within five, or maybe four lengths of the winning-post, and then you see them stretching—it ain't a stride, it's a stretch—you can't say how it's done, but they draw on—on—on, till you see half a head in front, and there they stay—just doing it—no more.'"

"Mumps is exactly—"

"Kleper—remember, he's Kleper," said Grog, mildly.

"Kleper, to be sure—how can I forget it?"

"I hope that fellow Conway is off," said Grog.

"Yes, he started by the train for Liège—third class, too—must be pretty hard up, I take it, to travel that way."

"Good enough for a fellow that's been roughing it in the ranks these two years."

"He's a gentleman, though, for all that," broke in Beecher.

"And Strawberry ran at Doncaster, and I saw him t'other day in a bus. Now, I'd like to know how much better he is for having once been a racer?"

"Blood always tells—"

"In a horse, Beecher, in a horse, not in a man. Haven't I got a deal of noble blood in my veins?—ain't I able to show a thoroughbred pedigree?" said he, mockingly. "Well, let me see the fellow will stand eight paces from the muzzle of a rifle-pistol more cool, or 'ho'll sight his man more calm than I will." There was a tinge of defiance in the way these words were said that by no means contributed to the ease of him who heard them.

"When do we go for Brussels, Grog?" asked he, anxious to change the subject.

"Here's the map of the country," said Davis, producing a card scribbled over with lines and figures. "Brussels, the 12th and 14th, Spa, the 20th, Aix, the 25th. Then you might take a shy at Düsseldorf, I can't; I winged a Prussian major there five years ago, and they won't let me in. I'll meet you at Wiesbaden, and we'll have a week at the tables. You'll have to remember that I'm Captain Christopher so long as we're on the Rhine; once at Baden, Richard's himself again!"

"Is this for either of you, gentlemen?" said the waiter, presenting an envelope from the telegraph-office.

"Yes, I'm Captain Davis," said Grog, as he broke the seal.

"Is the Dean able to preach?—may we have a collection? Telegraph back.—Tom," read Davis, slowly, aloud; and then added, "Ain't he a flat to be always a telegraphing these things? As if every fellow in the office couldn't see his game."

"Spicer, is it?" asked Beecher.

"Yes; he wants to hear how the horse is—if there's good running in him, and what he's to lay on; but that's no way to ask it. I mind the day, at Wolverton, when Lord Berrydale got one of these: 'Your mother is better—they are giving her tonics.' And I whispered to George Rigby, 'It's about Butterfly, his mare, that's in for the York, and that's to say, 'She's all safe, lay heavy on it.' And so I hedged her round, and backed her up to eight thousand—ay, and I won my money; and when Berrydale said to me, after the race was over, 'Grog,' says he, 'you seem to have had a glimpse of the line of country this time,' says I to him, 'Yes, my lord,' says I; 'and I'm glad to find the tonics agree with your lordship's mother.' Didn't he redden up to the roots of his hair! and when he turned away he said, 'There's no coming up to that fellow Davis!'"

"But I wonder you let him see that you were in his secret," said Beecher.

"That was the way to treat him. If it was Baynton or Herries, I'd not have said a word; but I knew Berrydale was sure to let me have a share in the first good thing going, just out of fear of me, and so he did; that was the way I came to back Old Bailey."

It was now Beecher's turn to gaze with admiring wonder at this great intelligence, and certainly his look was veneration itself.

"Here's another despatch," cried Davis, as the waiter presented another packet like the former one. "We're like secretaries of state to-day," added he, laughing, as he tore open the envelope. This time, however, he did not read the contents aloud, but sat slowly pondering over the lines to himself.

"It's not Spicer again?" asked Beecher.

"No," was the brief reply.

"Nor that other fellow—that German with the odd name?"

"No."

"Nothing about Mumps—Kleper, I mean—nothing about him?"

"Nothing; it don't concern him at all. It's not about anything you ever heard of before," said Davis, as he threw a log of wood on the fire, and kicked it with his foot. "I'll have to go to Brussels to-night. I'll have to leave this by the four o'clock train," said he, looking at his watch. "The horse isn't fit to move for twenty-four hours, so you'll remain here; he mustn't be left without one of us, you know."

"Of course not. But is there anything so very urgent—"

"I suppose a man is the best judge of his own affairs," said Davis, rudely.

Beecher made no reply, and a long and awkward silence ensued.

"Let him have one of the powders in a lined mash," said Davis, at last, "and see that the bandages are left on—only a little loo-e—at night. Tom must remain with him in the box on the train, and I'll look out for you at the station. If we shouldn't meet, come straight to the Hôtel Trelmont, where all will be ready for you."

"Remember, Grog, I've got no money; you haven't trusted me with a single Napoleon."

"I know that; here's a hundred francs. Look out sharp, for you'll have to account for every centime of it when we meet. Dine up-stairs here, for if you go down to the ordinary you'll be talking to every man Jack you meet—ay, you know you will."

"Egad! it's rather late in the day to school me on [the score of] manners."

"I'm not talking of manners, I'm speaking of discretion—of common prudence—things you're not much troubled with; you're just as fit to go alone in life as I am to play the organ at an oratorio."

"Many thanks for the flattery," said Beecher, laughing.

"What would be the use of flattering you?" broke out Grog.

"You ain't rich, that one could borrow from you; you haven't a great house, where one could get dinners out of you; you're not even the head of your family, that one might draw something out of your rank—you ain't anything."

"Except your friend, Grog Davis; pray don't rob me of that distinction," said Beecher, with a polished courtesy the other felt more cutting than any common sarcasm.

"It's the best leaf in your book, whatever you may think of it," said Davis sternly; "and it will be a gloomy morning for you whenever you cease to be it."

"I don't intend it, old fellow; I'll never tear up the deed of partnership, you may rely upon that. The old established firm of Beecher and Davis, or Davis and Beecher—for I don't care which—shall last my time at least;" and he held out his hand with a cordiality that even Grog felt irresistible, for he grasped and shook it heartily.

"If I could only get you to run straight, I'd make a man of you," said Grog, eyeing him fixedly. "There's not a fellow in England could do as much for you as I could. There's nobody knows what's in you as I do, and there's nobody knows where you break down like me."

"True, O Grog, every word of it."

"I'd put you in the first place in the sporting world—I'd have your name at the top of the list at 'The Turf.' In six months from this day—this day—I'd bind myself to make Annesley Beecher the foremost man at Newmarket. But just on one condition."

"And that?"

"You should take a solemn oath—I'd make it solemn one, I promise you—never to question anything I decided on your behalf, but obey me to the letter in whatever I ordered. Three months of that servitude, and you'd come out what I've promised you."

"I'll swear it this moment," cried Beecher.

"Will you?" asked Davis, eagerly.

"In the most solemn and formal manner you can dictate an oath to me. I'll make it now, only promising you'll not ask me anything against the laws."

"Nothing like hanging, nor even transportation," said Grog, laughing, while Beecher's face grew crimson and then pale. "No; no; all I'll ask is easily done, and not within a thousand miles of a misdemeanor. But you shall just think it over quietly. I don't want a 'catch match.' You shall have time to reconsider what I have said, and when we meet at Brussels you can tell me your mind."

"Agreed; only I hold you to your bargain, remember, if I don't change."

"I'll stand to what I've said," said Davis. "Now, remember, the Hôtel Trelmont; and so, good-bye, for I must pack up."

When the door closed after him, Annesley Beecher walked the room, discussing with himself the meaning of Davis's late words. Well did he know that to restore himself to rank, and credit, and fair fame was a labor of no common difficulty. How was he ever to get back to that station, forfeited by so many derelictions? Davis might, it is true, get his bills discounted—might hit upon fifty clever expedients for raising the wind—might suggest this one, compromise with that; he might even manage so cleverly, that race-courses and betting-rooms would be once more open to him. But what did—that could Grog know of that higher world where once he had moved, and to which, by his misdeeds, he had forfeited all claim to return? Why, Davis didn't even know the names of those men whose slightest words are verdicts upon character. All England was not Ascot, and Grog only recognised a world peopled with gentlemen riders and jocks, and a landscape dotted with flagstaffs, and closed in with a stand-house.

"No, no," said he to himself; "that's a flight above you, Master Davis. It's not to be thought of."

(To be continued.)

"ARE you an Odd Fellow?"

"No, sir, I've been married for a week."

"I mean, do you belong to the order of Odd Fellows?"

"No, no, I belong to the order of married men."

"Mercy, how dumb! Are you a Mason?"

"No; I am a carpenter by trade."

"Worse and worse; are you a Son of Temperance?"

"Rather you, no; I am a son of Mr. John Gosling."

The querist went away.

A MAN called upon a lawyer the other day, and began to state his case in rather an abrupt manner. "Sir, I have come to you for advice; I am a husband-in-law!" "A what?" spoke out the learned counsel. "Husband-in-law, sir!" "I have never seen that defined in domestic relations." "Don't you know what a husband-in-law is? Sir, you're no lawyer; you're an ignorant! I am a husband-in-law, but not in fact, sir—my wife's run off."

## A COLUMN OF GOLD.

SEND THEM HOME.—We have been favored with the following story of a Mr. Nazro, who being greatly annoyed by the depredations of hens in his fine garden, one day said to a neighbor:

"Healy, if you don't keep your hens out of my garden, I'll shoot them!"

"Shoot just as many as you please, Mr. Nazro; only be sure and send them home after you have shot them."

Accordingly every day or two Healy feasted from a fat hen which had paid the price of her temerity in venturing into Mr. Nazro's cultivated premises.

Nazro was excessively mortified at the discovery he at length made that Healy was not the owner of a single hen, but that they belonged to a good widow lady who lived at the south side of his garden; and, as he was a man of gallantry, he rendered her compensation more valuable than apologies. As for Healy, he did not fail to remind Nazro, every summer afterwards, to send home the hens he shot.

### BEAUTY.

"O Beauty and Truth are sister Powers,  
Who hand in hand should ever appear,  
That Beauty might screen with her veil of flowers,  
Her sister's lamp, when its light's severe!  
Yes—Beauty and Truth are twins—are one!"

Such was my spirit's unceasing lay,  
And ever she wept when the stars were done,  
That the sisters walked not on her way:  
"True, beauty," she sighed, "there's ever,  
But beauty for me! ah! never!"

And ah! while ever she wailed and wept,  
Hither and thither the twain she sought;  
"Beauty!" she cried, as her feet wing swept  
The heights and depths of immortal Thought:  
She sought from the ice-god's silvery halls,  
To the star-paved paths of eternal June,  
And away by the cloud-towers' snow-white walls,  
In the broad blue lands of the virgin moon,  
"Yea, beauty," she sighed, "there's ever,  
But beauty for me! ah! never!"

She sat in a cloud-crag's silvery cleft,  
Far, far in yon waste of changeable blue,  
While round and round, on her right and left,  
The fire-winged worlds through the vastness flew;  
And beneath, the lordly thunder hymned  
The lordliest of his heaven-taught staves—  
And fearfully waited the mountain-limbed—  
The eternal commonwealth of waves;  
"Yea, glory," she groaned, "there's ever,  
But beauty for me! ah! never!"

HEATING THE POKER.—After the news of the destruction of the stamped paper had arrived in England, the Ministry sent for Dr. Franklin, to consult with him, and offered this proposal:

That if the Americans would engage to pay for the damage done in the destruction, the Parliament would then repeal the act.

The doctor having paused upon this question for some time, at last answered as follows:

"This puts me in mind of a Frenchman, who, having heated a poker red hot, ran furiously into the street, and addressed the first Englishman he met, thus:

"'Sare, veel you give me ze leetle satisfaction to run dees pokare only von foot into your bodee?"

"My body! what do you mean?" said the Englishman.

"Vell, den, say von leetle seex inches," persisted monsieur.

"Are you mad?" said John Bull; "I tell you to go about your business, or I'll knock you down."

"Vell, den," said the Frenchman, in a softened tone, "veel you, my good sare, have ze kindness to pay me for ze trouble and expense of my heat dees pokare?"

HE HAD HIM THERE.—The following squib was perpetrated in one of the public schools in Philadelphia county, Pa. We are not aware of its ever having appeared in print, and it is too good to be lost:

It seems that a few hours' exemption from mischief had greatly enlarged the bump of "treachery" in the upper stories of the young "ideas," and when they took and smeared the balustrades from top to bottom with mud, and when the master came in he very naturally laid his hand on it when he mounted the stairs. He was soon aware of his sad mishap, but said nothing about it until the scholars had all been called in and had taken their seats, when he acquainted them of the fact, and said he would give any one five dollars who would inform him who had had a hand in it.

At this moment up jumped a little red-headed urchin, who said, "Thir, you thay you'll give any one five dollarh who'll tell you who had a hand in it."

"Yes."

"Now, thir, you'll not whip me, will you?"

"Well, thir, y—Now you won't whip?"

"You young scamp, I'll lick you if you don't tell pretty soon."

"Thir, y-o-u—Oh, I don't like to."

"Go on, or I shall skin you alive!"

"Well, thir, you had a hand in it!"

The master gave in, and forked over.

### THE GERMAN SONG.

Oh! let me hear again those notes,  
That melancholy lay,  
As through the air its music floats,  
Then softly dies away.

Thou also hast an exile's lot,  
And o'er the earth dost roam;  
But ne'er, I ween, thou hast forgot  
Thy childhood's first sweet home.

My heart it drinks thy plaintive strain,  
With rapturous delight;  
For, oh! these sounds bring back again  
Scenes beautiful and bright.

For, oh! these sounds they seem to come  
O'er waters dark and drear,  
Like voices from my distant home,  
To cheer my spirit here.

Long years ago, I heard that song,  
From a voice so sweet and low;  
But like a dream it steals along  
And thrills my spirit now.

For the harp is still for many a day,  
The maiden is at rest,  
And the melody, long buried, lay  
In the silence of my breast.

But thou hast waken'd it again,  
Dark stranger, with thy lay;  
Oh! let me hear once more that strain  
Of a time that's pass'd away.

HAD A WINNING WAY WITH HER.—A wayward son of the Emerald Isle left the "bed and board" which he and Margaret his wife had occupied for a long while, and spent his time around the rumshops, where he was ever on hand to count "in," when any one would stand treat. Margaret was dissatisfied with this state of things, and endeavored to get her husband home again. We shall see how she succeeds:

"Now, Patrick, me honey, will ye come back?"

"No, Margaret, I won't come back."

"And won't you come back for the love o' the children?"

"No, not for the love o' the children, Margaret."

"An' will ye come back for the love o' meself?"

"Niver at all. Off wid ye!"

"An' Patrick, won't the love o' the Church bring ye back?"

"No, be me howly namesake! I'll NIVER come back!"

Margaret thought she would try one other inducement. Taking a pint bottle of whisky from her pocket, and holding it up to her truant husband, she said,

"Patrick, will ye come back for a dhrap o' whiskey?"

"Ah, me darlint! its yer-self that will always bring me home again! Ye has such a winnin' way wid ye! I'll come home, Margaret."

Margaret declares that Patrick was reclaimed by "moral suasion."

JUVENILE LOGIC.—"That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might," said a clergyman to his son, one morning.

"So I did this morning," replied Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

"Ah, what was it, darling?" and the father's fingers ran through his offspring's curls.

"Why, I walloped Jock Edwards," said the young hopeful, "till he yelled like thunder—you should just hear him holler, dad."

That father looked unhappy, while he explained that the precept did not apply to any act like that, and concluded mildly with—

"You should not have done that, my child."

"Then he'd a walloped me," replied the youngster.

"Better," said the sire, "for you to have fled from the wrath to come."

"Yes, but," replied the hopeful, by way of a final clincher, "Jack can run twice as fast as I can."

The good man sighed, went to his study, took up a pen, and endeavored to compose himself.



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FOR APRIL 1858.

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## CODFISH-IANA.

THE early history of almost every great race is shrouded in obscurity; nature kindly throws a veil of mystery over the beginnings of those whose future is to illuminate the world and to elevate our common nature above the dull level of mediocrity. The great family of the Codfishocracy is celebrated the world over. Its fame cannot be exclusively appropriated by any small locality; on the contrary, branches of the Codfishocracy will be found wherever the sea laves the shore or the human family exists. Distinguished naturalists have devoted much time to tracing out the pedigree of the Codfishocracy, and many interesting facts have been revealed to the world while experimenting with the deep sea line on the banks of Newfoundland; and much light has been thrown upon their nature and habits by inquiries and researches made in a very small district in the north-western region of Manhattan Island, and in those regions known as Chatham, West, Front, Water, Cherry, Wall and other fashionable districts of the great city of New York.

The great naturalist Cuvier gives the following information as to the genealogy of the Codfishocracy (we are inclined to believe a good deal that Cuvier says, and do not hesitate to endorse his statements—measurably). The Codfishocracy, according to

Cuvier then, belongs to the class *Sub-brachial Malacopterygii*; its general family name is *GADIDE*, while we are sorry to say that the particular American species is known as the *Morrhua Vulgaris*. (Vide Frank Forester.) Having thus settled the genealogy, we must speak of the characteristics of the race. The last mentioned distinguished writer says, "The color of this well-known species, which attains to a vast weight, sometimes seventy or eighty pounds, varies much in individuals." This is conclusive, and settles the point that Codfishocracy is not confined to one color, but varies from black to white according to locality. His statement as to weight is simply absurd, for we have known a Codocrat to weigh two



The baby Cod-lino. Mother's darling! yes it was!

hundred and fifty pounds in his summer clothing, and think nothing of it, or of anything else for the matter of that.

Our authorities further state "that it is a bold, voracious fish, ranging from New York northwards along all the coast of North America." The Codfishocracy, in its boldness in speculation and its voraciousness in holding on to everything that can be clutched by the "grab game," bears witness to the accuracy of the observations contained in our quotation, although their ranging only along the North American coast is positively ridiculous—they are to be met with everywhere; they spring up like mushrooms from the Bourse of Paris and the Exchange of London.

The New York Codocrat, the *Morrhua Vulgaris*, is not a native of the island; it is generally the spawn of some venturesome fortune-seeker, who, unscrupulous in the means, so that the end be gained, dazzles the unwary with brilliant schemes and magnificent projects, fails a dozen times to his own advantage and the ruin of the confiding, and finds himself, at the end of a well-spent life, rich in deeds by which he will be remembered (and no mistake), and comfortably situated in a magnificent mansion in the Fifth avenue, with a fat income securely vested in the



The youthful Cod-let—Pa's pet; the hope of the family.

name of his loving partner, and out of the reach of those who might foolishly imagine that they had a creditor's right to some portion of it.

This good man, being freed from the cares of business, devotes himself to observing how his children, his young Cod-lins, bring themselves up—and his great heart rejoices at finding the family likeness, morally and physically, so nobly developed in his beloved offspring. He devotes himself also to the affairs of the church; he advises with the pastor and subscribes to foreign missions; he is, of course, made chairman of the music committee, and insists upon the organist and choir being of a strictly moral character and not connected with the stage. He indulges in fine horses, and in some quiet street across town a forlorn widow will be found comfortably situated, who owes all her gratitude to her kind friend, whose capacious heart throbbes at her sorrows and relieved her distress. In the next block another widow is grateful to the estimable son of the noble Codocrat. And thus this shining light of the Codfishocracy lives on blessing and blessed, an example in his own generation, and a prominent beacon in all future ages to those who choose to be guided by the morale of his life.

One more fact gleaned from a distinguished naturalist, connected with this interesting subject, we give. The family of the Codocracy is "nearly related to the family of Pleuronectidae, or flat fish." It will be conceded that this relationship has been cut long ago—"sharps" have long since taken the place of "flats."



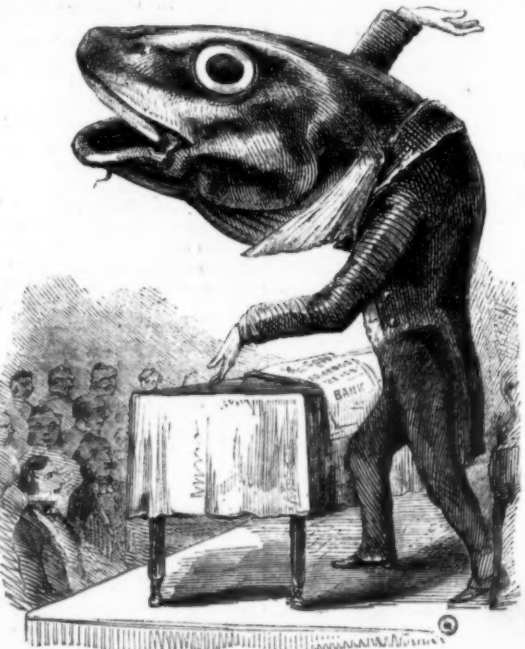
The Cod-lin studies the history of his country—imbibes the divine spirit of Independence, and determines to go on his own hook, by virtue of his birthright.

Our artist has presented seven phases of the Codocrat's life, from the Cod-lin in arms to the full-blown Codocrat, the pride of the church and the ornament of the opera. We have seen him in the three first stages, in the fourth he goes loose upon the world.



The youthful Codocrat mixes with the world. He sees life through a magnifying glass—views the Elephant, and puts him through a course of sprouts with that admirable nonchalance which distinguishes all members of the Codfishocracy, who were never really young.

He passes through this season of pleasurable and excessive excitement with the usual success. He has seen much; he is familiar with actors; he is more familiar with bars; he is known in neighborhoods where he ought not to be known, and, in short, he has been a hard case. But behold him in a new character:



The full grown Codocrat commences business life. He scorns trade, and looks upon speculation as the noblest of all sciences. Nature having favored him with much "lip," he harangues his friends and conjures up visions of gold harvests that only want the gathering. He guiles the capitalists, he gathers large amounts in small sums from confiding snobs, and he flourishes grandly as banker, or insurance company president, and realizes his own family maxim, "that there's a foolish fish for every bait that's offered."

## The Knout.

The Princess Lapuchin, one of the most beautiful women at the Court of the Empress Elizabeth, was condemned to the knout, as participator in a conspiracy. Without knowing anything of this sentence, she was led to the place of punishment, when terror at the preparations made for her torture almost deprived her of her senses. A hangman tore her little cape from her bosom. In a second she stood naked to the waist, exposed to the sight of a gaping mob, which thronged to the scene of blood. A second hangman seized her, and raising her on the back of his comrade, placed her in the position most suitable for the punishment. He then seized the long knout, stepped back a few paces, measured the requisite space for the blow, and the knout, whizzing through the air, tore away a narrow strip of skin from the neck along the back. These blows he repeated, until the entire skin of the back hung down in rags. Immediately after, her tongue was plucked out, and she was sent to Siberia.



As one of the leading Codfishocracy, he joins a fashionable church; becomes eminently devout in the most prominent pew, and while listening to the honeyed words of the Rev. Blarney Soapem, calculates how much per cent. this "worship of the Lord" will bring him in, by increasing public confidence, &c.

## The Amiable Bear.

On the borders of a Siberian wood, two children, one four and the other six years old, rambling away from their friends, who were hay-making. They had gone from one thicket to another, gathering fruit, laughing and enjoying the fun. At last they came near a bear lying on the grass, and without the slightest apprehension, went up to him. He looked at them steadily without moving; at length they began playing with him, and mounted upon his back, which he submitted to with perfect good humor. In short, both seemed inclined to be pleased with each other; indeed, the children were delighted with their new playfellow. The parents missing the truants, became alarmed, and followed on their track. They were not long in searching out the spot, when, to their dismay, they beheld one child sitting on the bear's back, and the other feeding him with fruit! They called quickly, when the youngsters ran to their friends, and Bruin, apparently not liking the interruption, went away into the forest.



He also has a box at the Opera. He encourages the institution because it fosters habits of luxury and extravagance, and increases the general recklessness. He admires Ullman because he humbugs the public so grandiloquently; he hopes to see him a brother Codocrat, and a worshipper in the sanctuary.

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